



DELL

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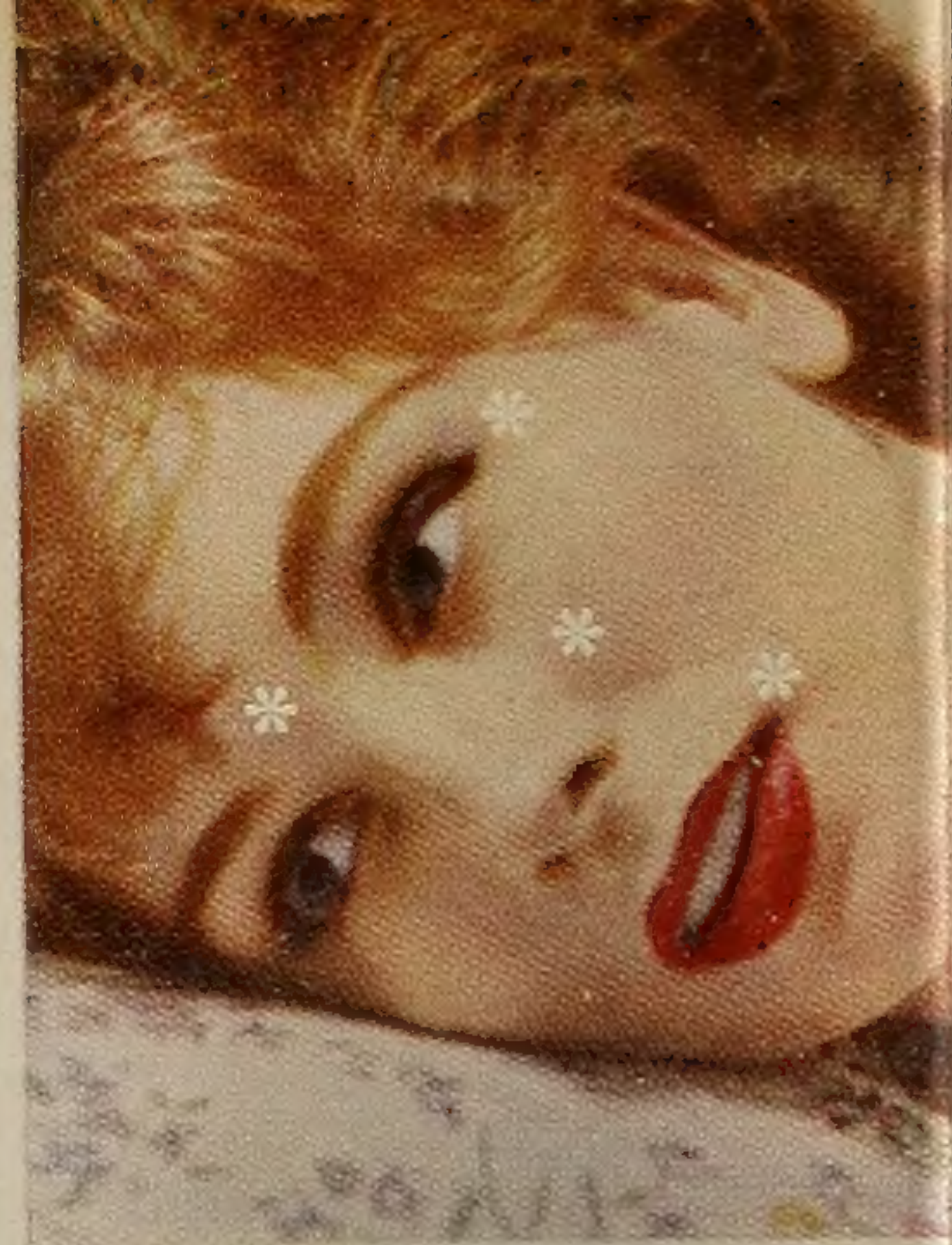
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**I was betrayed!**  
LIZ'S SIDE OF THE STORY



# Soothe dry skin in 5 danger zones

More refreshing than a beauty nap! Woodbury Dry Skin Cream has an exclusive blend of moisturizers and lanolin that penetrates deeper, floods moisture into all five danger zones where dry skin turns to aging skin. In minutes, you'll feel roughness smoothed...dryness soothed away... lines and wrinkles softened. Try it! Imagine—only 25¢ to \$1.



Moisture penetrates to help

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- \* GIVE CRINKLY THROAT A YOUNGER LOOK



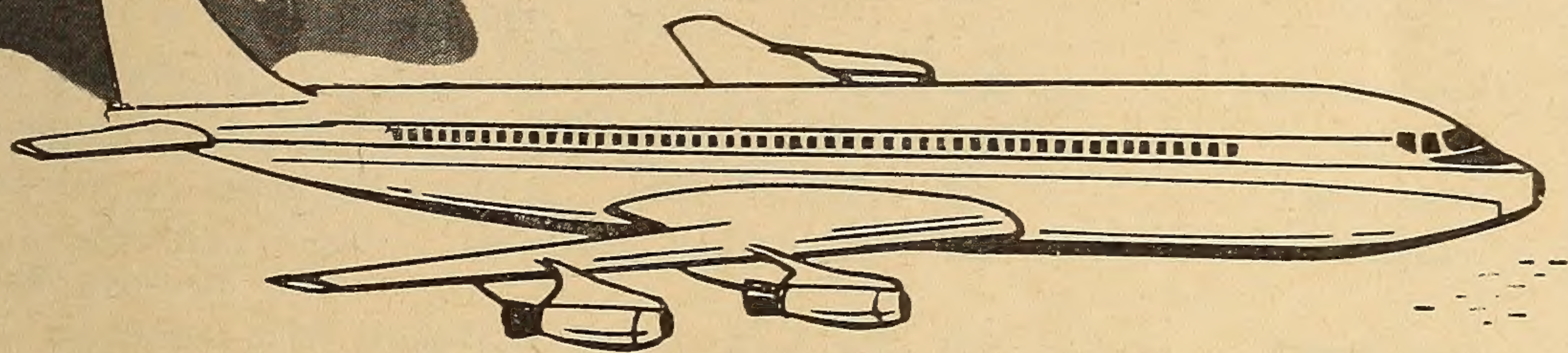
## WOODBURY DRY SKIN CREAM



APR 15 1959



# **MEN and WOMEN** make your career with **AIRLINES**



*Exciting... Romantic...*

**FLY TO HOLLYWOOD OR CHICAGO**  
*at NO Extra Charge*

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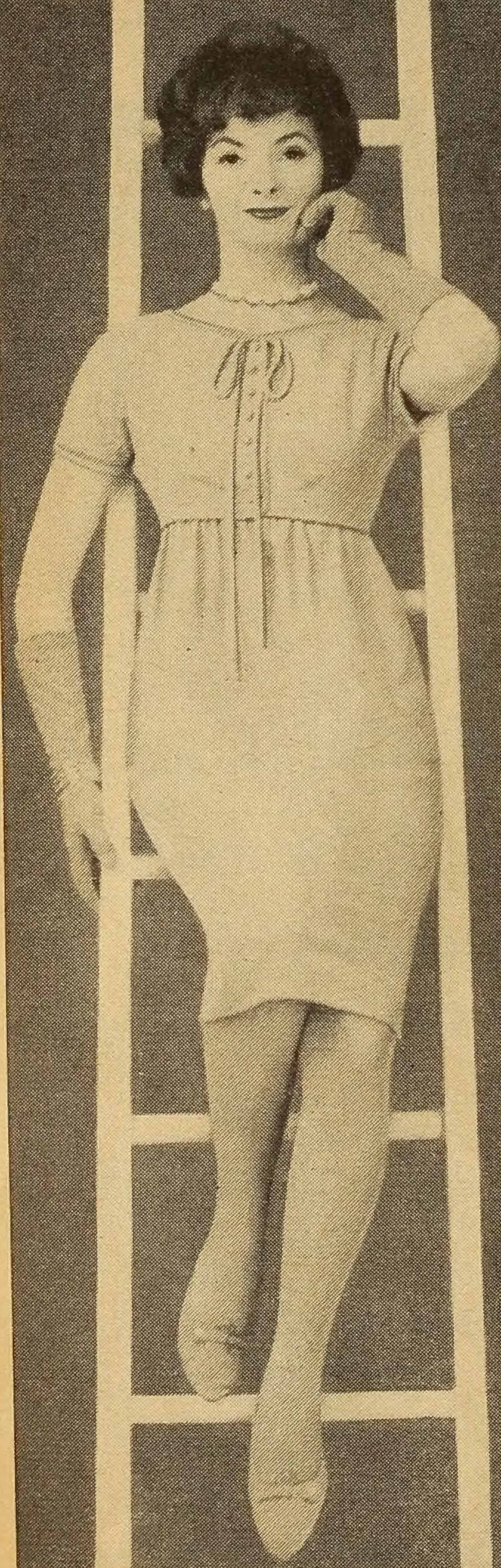
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Girls on  
the way  
up  
use  
of  
course  
Tampax



Busy young career girls can't let anything interfere with their progress—even on difficult days. They have no use for pads and belts . . . for messy disposal . . . for carrying problems. They use Tampax® internal sanitary protection.

Tampax never chafes, binds or causes odor. Never reveals itself. It's by far the nicest way—the most modern way of handling those days. You try it—you'll like it. Choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever drug products are sold.

**TAMPAX** Incorporated  
Palmer, Mass.

# modern screen

MARCH, 1959

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

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The cover photo is by Sanford Roth of Rapho Guillumette.

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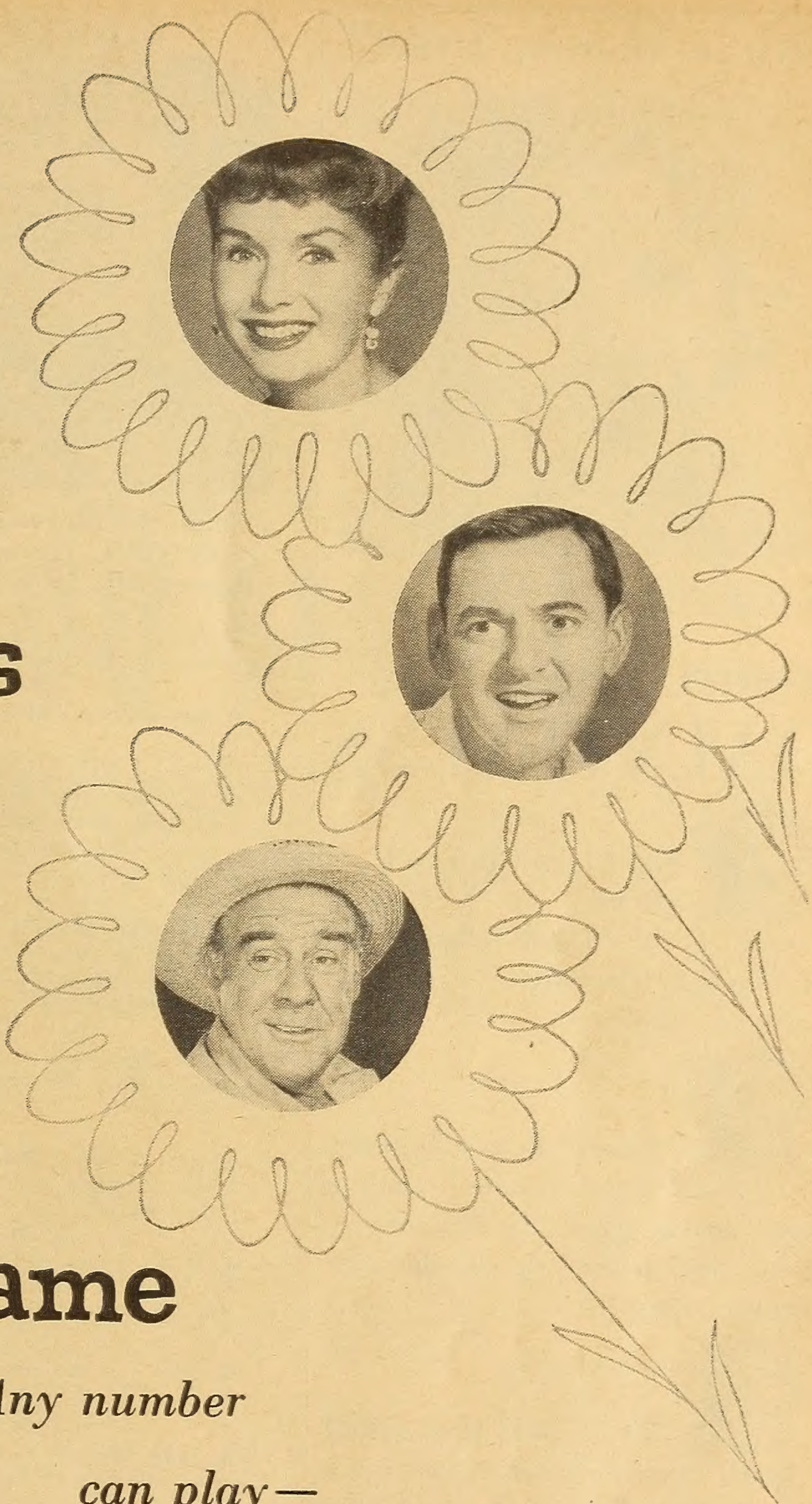
IT'S  
GIRL-AND-BOY  
JOY IN THE  
SPRINGTIME!

M·G·M presents

**Debbie Reynolds**  
HER HAPPIEST ROLE!

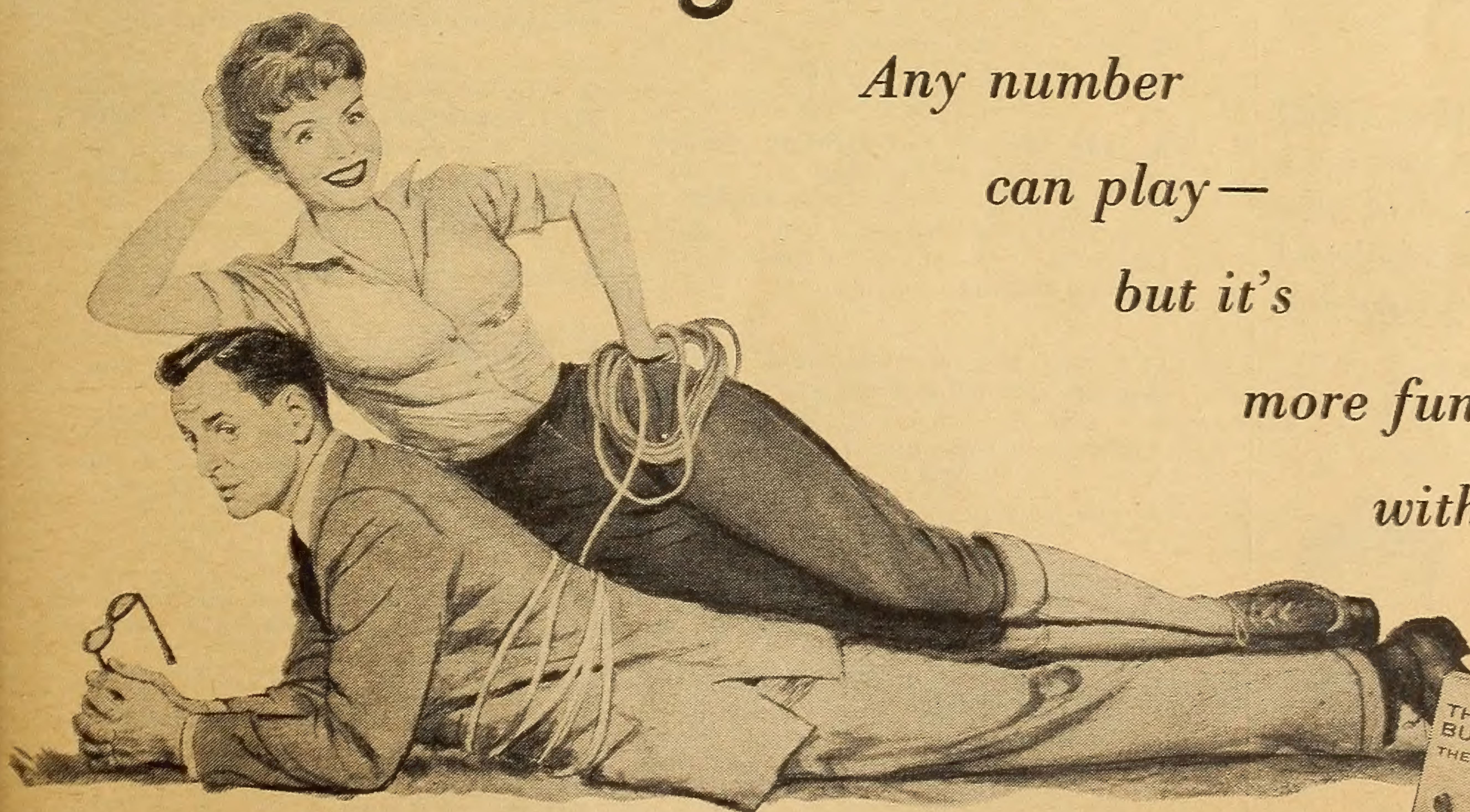
**Tony Randall**  
HIS MADDEST ANTICS!

**Paul Douglas**  
HIS BIGGEST HIT!



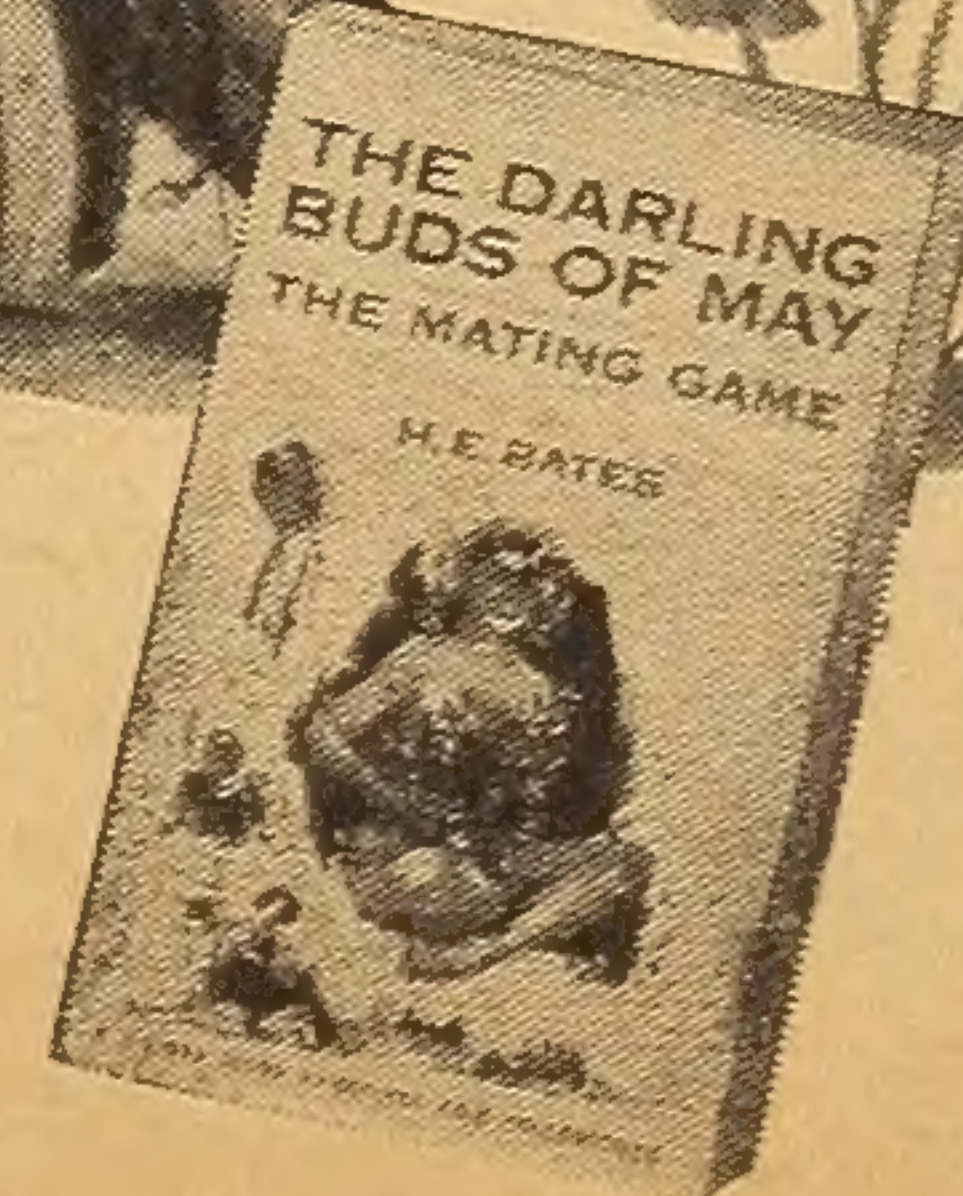
# The Mating Game

*Any number  
can play—  
but it's  
more fun  
with two!*



co-starring

**Fred Clark** with **Una Merkel** • Screen Play by William Roberts  
Directed by George Marshall • Produced by Philip Barry, Jr. • An M-G-M Picture



From the Novel  
"The Darling  
Buds Of May"  
by H. E. Bates



with mild, new "Lysol"



you're  
assured of  
**DAINTINESS**



**You know you can't offend!**

Douching with "Lysol" assures you of thorough cleansing—of *positive* personal cleanliness!



**"Lysol" is so effective!**

It *stops* embarrassing odor by *killing* odor-causing germs. It's far more reliable than home-style douches, including vinegar!



**Yet "Lysol" is so mild!**

"Lysol" brand disinfectant can't harm your insides. Always leaves you fresh and clean—assured of your daintiness! Try "Lysol" soon—use it regularly!



Now available—  
*Pine-Scented "Lysol"*  
as well as *Regular*.

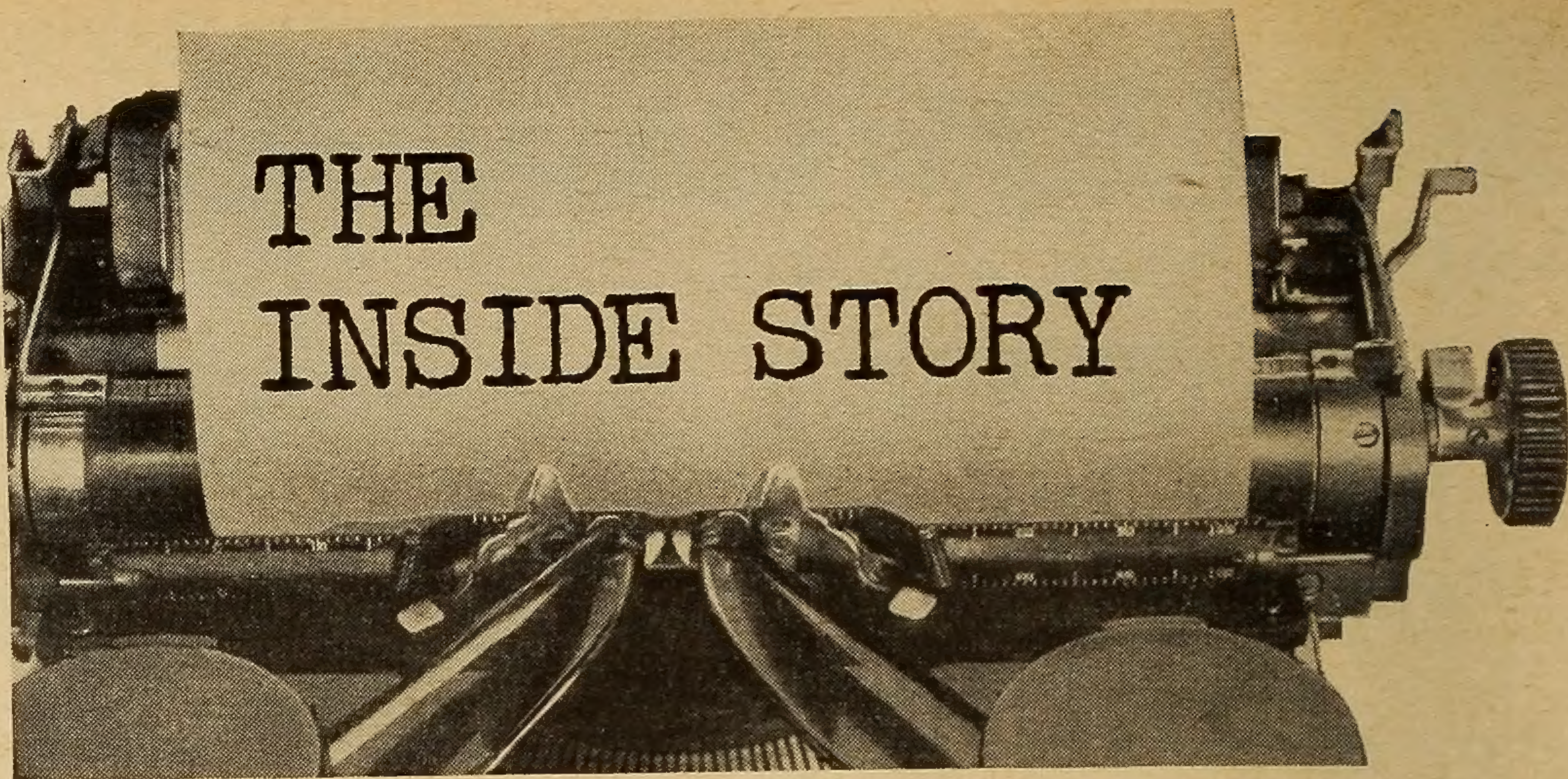
For free booklet  
(mailed in plain envelope) on doctor-approved methods of douching, write to:  
"Lysol," Bloomfield,  
N. J., Dept. DM-359.



**Lysol**  
BRAND DISINFECTANT

A Lehn & Fink Product

Also available in Canada



Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, Box 2291, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y. The most interesting letters will appear here. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Which would you say were the marriages *least* likely to fail in Hollywood?  
—J.C., ORADELL, N.J.

A **Ann Blyth's, Pat Boone's, Don Murray's.**

Q How are things going between **Glenn Ford** and wife Eleanor Powell?  
—P.P., SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.

A *They have been better.*

Q **Marilyn Monroe's** figure looks so different on those ads for *Some Like It Hot*. Not pregnant, but different. Or am I imagining things?  
—B.R., DES MOINES, IOWA

A *It's Marilyn's face, a professional model's body. Marilyn was too sick to pose herself.*

Q How is **Jayne Mansfield** getting her house furnished if she is as poor as she claims she is?  
—M.H., BUTTE, MONTANA

A *Don't know about the rest of the house, but she got her new baby's bassinet with seven books of green stamps.*

Q Who are the highest paid stars in Hollywood—male and female?  
—U.S.T., WASHINGTON, D. C.

A **John Wayne and William Holden** are earning an all-time high of \$750,000 for their latest pictures. **Liz Taylor**, a half-million dollars for hers. **Burt Lancaster** is asking a cool million. And **Marlon Brando's** getting it!

Q I read that half the time **Robert Horton** and **Nina Foch** are madly in love and the other half they are not talking to one another. Is this true?  
—B.P.L., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A *The second half is.*

Q Is **Hugh O'Brian** as tight with his money as some magazines say he is?  
—N.S., BURBANK, CALIF.

A *Hugh believes a buck in the bank is worth two in the bush, because in TV you're only as good as your last rating. But he's generous with THE THALIANS (a group of young players who collect money for mental health) and those he loves.*

Q Do you think **Lana Turner** can possibly get custody of her daughter Cheryl again?  
—J.S., PARIS, ILL.

A *Yes.*

Q Is **Deborah Kerr** seriously thinking of marrying **Peter Viertel**, the man her husband, **Tony Bartley**, has accused of destroying their marriage?  
—M.S., LONDON, ENGLAND

A *Not so long as Viertel keeps dating other women all throughout Europe.*

Q I keep reading about **Marlon Brando** and **Miko Taka**, **France Nuyen**, and **Rita Moreno**. Has Marlon ever been serious about a plain old-fashioned American girl?  
—S.W., BOSTON, MASS.

A *No. Marlon prefers exotic women.*

Q Is **Gail Russell** now in a mental hospital?  
—Q.R., OZONA, TEXAS

A *No. She is returning to films in **FOUR FAST GUNS**.*

Q Does **Zsa Zsa Gabor** have her face worked on to keep looking so young and beautiful?  
—E.G., NEW YORK CITY

A **Zsa Zsa** says **NO NO!** A Miami surgeon has admitted otherwise.

Q Why do so many of the TV stars like **Dale Robertson**, **John Payne**, **Donna Reed**, **Ann Sothern**, etc., all say that TV is better than movies and they prefer to work in that medium?  
—H.P., NEWPORT, R.I.

A *Re-run money—and sour grapes.*

Q What in your opinion was the real trouble in **Vic Damone** and **Pier Angeli's** marriage?  
—E.T., HARTFORD, CONN.

A *A toss-up between his fondness for gambling and his lack of fondness for his mother-in-law.*

Q Was **Janet Leigh** ever married before she met **Tony Curtis**? And did she have children?  
—J.M., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

A *She eloped with a classmate when she was in high school. The marriage was annulled. Then in 1945, Janet married **Stanley Reames** whom she divorced in 1948. There were no children with either man.*

Q Is it true that **Frank Sinatra's** health is failing?  
—P.A., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

A *No—only his sense of humor!*



Released as safe by UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT!

**New doctor prescribed wonder drug  
does away with all special diets!**

**BONDED  
OFFER!**

# YOU MUST LOSE UP TO 49 POUNDS OR WE PAY YOU \$14.00!

Never before! Now an amazing wonder drug contained in RX-120 available without a prescription! A miracle drug prescribed and tested by thousands of doctors for over 10 years! Take off ugly fat without special diets, without habit-forming drugs, calorie counting, exercise, hunger pangs, massage! Your own doctor can tell you about this great new victory over obesity!

Of all the problems that have baffled medical science, obesity has been one of the toughest to lick! Think of it—there are 67 million overweight men and women in America and nothing sold without a prescription—until this electrifying discovery . . . has done any good! Do you wonder why the whole medical profession is enthused about this amazing development that has produced such astonishing results when tried by thousands of doctors . . . when tested with brilliant success on thousands of patients? Do you wonder why the United States Government was happy to release this formula as SAFE to sell over any drug counter in the United States WITHOUT A PRESCRIPTION? This is tremendous news . . . news that can change your whole life, lengthen your life span, make you healthier, happier, more active, younger looking . . . slender and glamorous instead of "matronly."

Yes, RX-120 is the fabulous formula scientists have sought for since Dr. Nooden published his report on obesity back in 1900. Everything offered without a prescription since then has failed miserably—chewing gums, liquids, powders, crackers and hundreds of other so called reducing preparations. You can take your doctor's word for it, the wonder drug in RX-120 does work . . . it helps you take off up to 49 pounds. The most extensive clinic testing ever devoted to any drug is back of RX-120. There's never been such overwhelming medical evidence, such convincing PROOF! There are no "ifs, ands or buts" with this miracle drug. In fact, we are so positive we will pay you \$14.00 if you don't take off up to 49 pounds. Never before has any pharmaceutical company put such a daring guarantee in WRITING! The truth is no one could make such a guarantee because up to now there never has been a wonder drug sold over the counter that does such an amazing job of taking off unattractive excess weight!

#### HERE'S HOW YOU PROVE IT YOURSELF!

We don't have to tell you all the products you've wasted your money on trying to gain back your youthful figure are either frauds or too dangerous! You know this. Think back—you tried tablets that were supposed to put bulk in your stomach, you nibbled on cookies, ate crackers, swallowed liquid drops, tried chewing gums, ate candies,

vitamin mixtures, went nearly out of your mind with calorie counters, pages of special diets! You got nervous, jumpy as a cat on risky drugs that many doctors condemned because of dangerous side effects! You'll be happy to hear all this is a thing of the past! Amazing new RX-120 contains such an advanced wonder drug it makes all other so called reducers old fashioned. RX-120 is an honest product. It really works! It's backed by more medical evidence than any other product ever sold to take off fat! No other effective product has proven so SAFE . . . that's why the United States Government released it as safe without a prescription in every city and hamlet in 48 states. It's true RX-120 will positively take off up to 49 pounds of excess weight caused by overeating or we'll pay you \$14.00. There's no doubt about it. Here's one product you don't risk one cent to PROVE! It really works!

Think of it! You must lose 9 pounds in 10 days . . . 18 pounds in 20 days . . . 27 pounds in 30 days . . . and 49 pounds in 8 weeks . . . or the medicine is FREE. Now here's our unheard of offer—read it carefully. You must lose the minimum number of pounds stated here with RX-120 or we'll give you back every cent you paid for each vial of RX-120 tablets!

#### PROOF POSITIVE!

You must lose <b>49 POUNDS</b> in 8 weeks or we'll pay you <b>\$14.00</b>	You must lose <b>27 POUNDS</b> in 30 days or we'll pay you <b>\$7.00</b>
You must lose <b>18 POUNDS</b> in 20 days or we'll pay you <b>\$5.00</b>	You must lose <b>9 POUNDS</b> in 10 days or we'll pay you <b>\$3.00</b>

Let's make this perfectly clear. If you take RX-120 for 10 days and don't lose at least 9 pounds, we'll send you a check for \$3.00. If you don't lose at least 18 pounds in 20 days, we'll send you a check for \$5.00. If you don't get rid of at least 27 pounds in 30 days, we'll send you a check for \$7.00. If you don't lose at least 49 pounds in only two months, we'll send you a check for \$14.00. Did you ever read an offer



like this in your life? No—and you NEVER WILL — because only a good product that does everything claimed could be backed by such a guarantee!

#### HERE'S HOW RX-120 WORKS!

Unlike other reducing products you may have tried, new RX-120 works on an entirely different principle. It does four amazing things starting the very second you swallow the first tiny tablet—

- (1) It depresses your appetite.
- (2) It acts on your central nervous system; decreases your desire for food.
- (3) It acts in your intestinal tract—fights hunger contractions—telegraphs a "stop signal" to your brain when you're tempted to overeat or indulge in between-meal snacks!
- (4) It makes the food you eat stay in your stomach for a longer period.

Just think what this means to you! With this amazingly SAFE formula—that does not have the terrible side effects of other reducing drugs—your body will oxidize fat automatically as you eat less food . . . excess weight will literally vanish into thin air! Yes, your weight goes down, down, down every single day. The exciting part is you don't have to torture yourself with starvation diets! You don't have to take food supplements, habit forming drugs! You don't have to follow long winded reducing plans! You don't have to bore yourself counting calories! You don't have to exercise, spend miserable hour after hour in reducing salons! A whole new world will open up as you discover you can eat and enjoy the thousands of delicious, nutritious low calorie foods! You will live an active normal life—feel better than you ever did in your life—while you TRIM down to a glamorous figure in days, weeks! For now at last you can get RX-120 containing the new doctor tested wonder drug—without a prescription!

#### HELPS YOU RETRAIN YOUR EATING HABITS!

Doctors tell us that in most cases you are fat because you overeat. It's

as simple as that! You may not realize it but fat people have what amounts to an abnormal craving for food. YOUR appetite is aroused by the VERY smell and sight of certain foods. Be honest now. How many times have you started to reduce only to find you just can't stop or even CUT DOWN between-meal snacks? Over-eating soon becomes a deeply ingrained habit you can't break. "But why do I have this craving for food?" you ask. There are many reasons. Good food and lots of it may have been a family tradition. Some consider rich food a symbol of success.

What can you do about it? The answer has been a difficult problem to solve until the development of the wonder ingredient in RX-120. You know how hard it is to change long established habits. You know self-denial is not easy. You know how almost impossible it is to develop a will power of iron! But with new RX-120 you can change your habits—practically overnight. You can eat less without giving up the foods that taste so good. Down comes caloric intake—off comes excess fat. You don't have to rely on strong will power. You don't have to fight yourself every time you're tempted. Now you can take off that excess weight . . . without your ever being conscious of it!

#### GET YOUR RX-120 BEFORE IT IS RELEASED TO DRUG STORES!

Remember, RX-120 is not a diet, not a dull plan or regimen that tells you what to eat! It's not an ordinary

dietary supplement—it's a clinically tested, doctor approved medicine that has been PROVED effective when tried on over 2,000 overweight patients! . . . according to published reports. We'll be glad to send your doctor medical literature. RX-120 has been released as SAFE by the United States Government for sale without a prescription . . . but supply is limited. It won't be shipped to drug stores until November 15, 1959. But you can order direct from Wilson-Williams Inc., 273 Columbus Ave., Tuckahoe, N. Y.—if you act now! So hurry—order your RX-120 right NOW. Just fill out the coupon today and mail it while you're thinking about it. RX-120 is sent to you on a no risk 10-day trial.

Remember, you must lose 9 pounds in 10 days or we pay you \$3.00. You must lose 18 pounds in 20 days or we pay you \$5.00. You must take off 27 pounds in 30 days or you get \$7.00. You must PROVE you can lose up to 49 pounds in just 8 weeks or we pay you \$14.00. You have nothing to lose but ugly fat!

#### SEND NO MONEY! FREE 10 DAY TRIAL!

Fill out coupon below. Be sure to indicate the size of RX-120 you want us to rush to you immediately! Start taking RX-120 the day it arrives. Check your scales every day. Keep a careful record of your weight losses! Remember, you must lose 9 pounds in just 10 days or we pay you \$3.00. You can just as easily take off 18 pounds, 27 pounds or up to 49 pounds depending on the number of days you take this new wonder drug! Don't forget, you must lose the minimum number of pounds claimed or you get every cent back. If you don't lose 9, 18, 27 or up to 49 pounds—merely send us proof of purchases. Yes, you must lose up to 49 pounds with NEW RX-120 or we will rush you a check for \$14.00. Don't wait—check the quantity wanted, fill in the coupon today and mail it right now. You don't have to send any money—your first bottle will be rushed to you. But do it NOW!

©Wilson-Williams Inc.,  
273 Columbus Ave., Tuckahoe, N. Y.

#### RUSH NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

Wilson-Williams Inc., 273 Columbus Avenue, Dept. 179, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Rush my RX-120 immediately. I must lose pounds guaranteed by you above or you will pay me the amount specified.

<input type="checkbox"/> Rush 10 day supply. I will pay postman only \$3.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.	<input type="checkbox"/> Rush 20 day supply. I will pay postman only \$5.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.	<input type="checkbox"/> Rush 30 day supply. I will pay postman only \$7.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.
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NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

SAVE MUCH MORE! Postal rates have gone up! Enclose ☐ cash, ☐ check, or ☐ money-order for \$3.00, \$5.00 or \$7.00 and you save high postage and C.O.D. handling charges! Same money back guarantee.



# Sally's BLUE



## PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues". Sally now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

**"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"**  
a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't F-39, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

# Sally's GAY WITH MIDOL



Ask Vincent Price what's the most valuable lesson he ever learned, and he'll tell you—"Never look back at the past!"

For a moment he sits as if he were reliving something, seeing it again from beginning to end. Then those expressive eye-brows of his reach for the peak of his hair and he'll add, "I learned that very recently." And it's hard to tell, seeing the beginning of a smile touch his lips, whether Vincent is about to tell you a funny story—or if he's just trying to make little of an incident that might sound too dramatic.

Vincent Price learned not to look back at his past life one day not so long ago in California. . . .

"There's an amusement park out on the Coast," he explains, "and one day I heard that they were going to tear it down.

"I liked that little place. I had discovered it one day when my little boy, Vincent, Jr., begged me to take him for a ride on a roller coaster that he'd heard all about from one of his friends. And after that first time we had gone back often. We'd walk around and go on the rides and eat all the junk that eight-year-olds like and," Vincent smiles, "that fathers think they're eating only because their sons have talked them into it!

"When I heard that soon the place would be no more, I really felt a bit sad about it. . . . I decided to pay it a last visit."

That's just what he did. Vincent went again to the scene of so many hours spent with his little boy's hand clasped in his. He bought a bag of pop-corn, just like the two of them used to. The two men of the family. He walked over to the roller coaster that he'd ridden so often—while his wide-eyed son buried his face in his father's jacket as the car topped the mountain of track and raced madly down to the bottom. And, impulsively, reliving the moment, he bought a ticket once more for a last ride into the past.

"And that's when I learned my lesson," Vincent laughs. "We were at the very top of the highest crest when the car stopped. Down below I could see the operator fiddling with the controls like crazy and fifteen minutes later I was still up there. Marooned.

"Did you ever climb down hundreds of feet of roller-coaster track?" demands Vincent Price. "Well, I did!"

"Anyway, it seemed like hundreds of feet!"

# NEVER LOOK BACK!



says  
**Vincent  
Price**



# CAREERS <sup>IN</sup> TV STUDIOS

**IMMEDIATE TRAINING FOR MEN AND WOMEN**



## Many Opportunities in "Behind-the-Scenes" Careers

- Secretaries
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- Directors
- Film Editors
- Floor Managers
- Projectionists
- Disc Jockeys
- Film Directors
- Production Assistants
- Production Staff Personnel
- Music Librarians
- Receptionists
- Traffic Personnel
- Video Engineers

and many other positions too numerous to list, both  
in TV and radio

With over 2,000 TV channels allocated, only 419 TV stations are on the air. New stations must be staffed with trained personnel in more than 75 job classifications. Existing TV and radio stations require replacements year around. We are speaking to men and women now who wish careers in broadcasting stations and will take training. Whatever your talents, apply for interview. No acting ability required. Experience unnecessary. You will start at home. Four full weeks (100) hours of classroom specialized training in Hollywood, California, Chicago, Illinois, or Portland, Oregon follow completion of home training. Then nationwide placement service upon completion.

*If age 17 to 45, signify interest at once.*

**MAIL  
AT  
ONCE**

**TELEVISION DIVISION**  
**Northwest Schools, Inc.,** Dept. TV-63  
11 East 47th St., New York 17, N.Y.

I wish full information promptly. There is no obligation to me.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

St. or Rte. \_\_\_\_\_

P.O. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Education \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Yes I can supply references. Hours I work \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ No



ONLY BOBBI HAS STYLE-SUPPORT TO SOFTLY HOLD MODERN HAIRSTYLES



Bobbi's 3 kinds of curlers give style-support for the casual, yet well-mannered look of "Aureole".

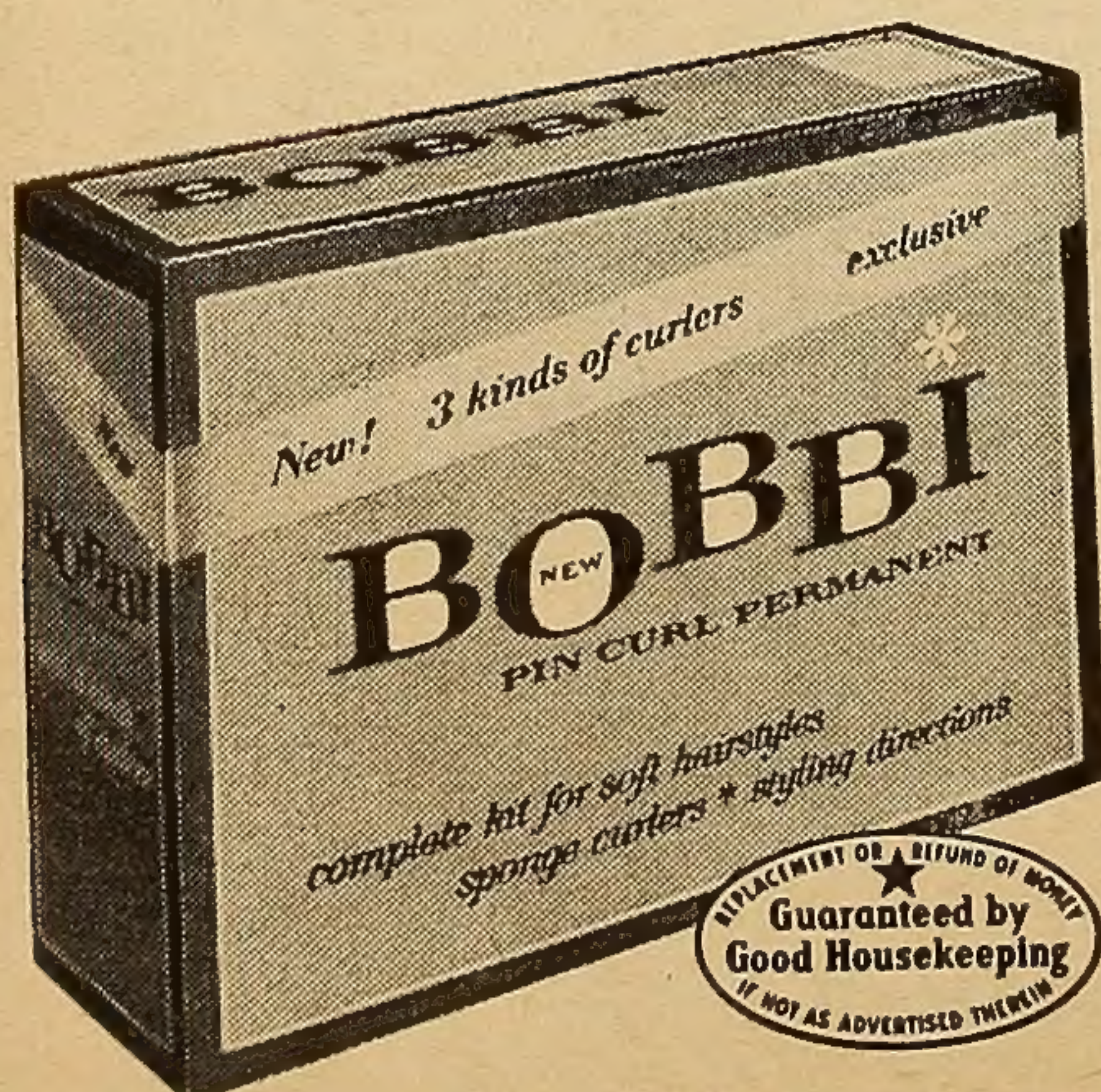


The smooth, lifted crown of "Rising Star" gets style-support from Bobbi's sponge rollers.



Style-support is the key to the extra crown height in "Empirelle". With Bobbi it's simple as setting.

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The easiest permanent to give yourself . . .

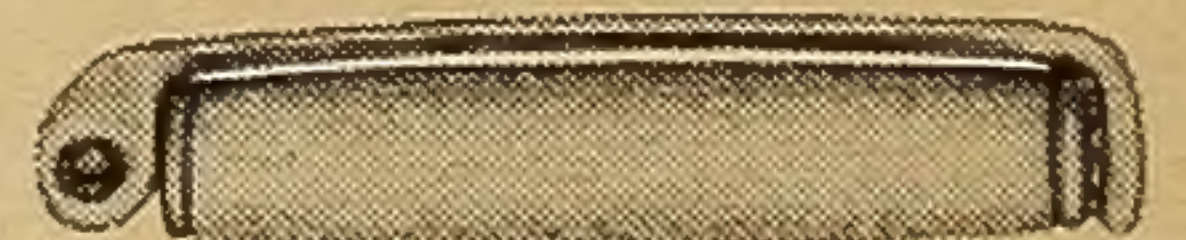
The only pin curl permanent with sponge rollers, neckline rods and pin-curlers . . . waves in the style you want with the support it needs

Style-support . . . the new Bobbi magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and, of course, there's no resetting. New improved Bobbi—waves in style-support! Complete kit, only \$2.00. Refill without curlers, \$1.50.

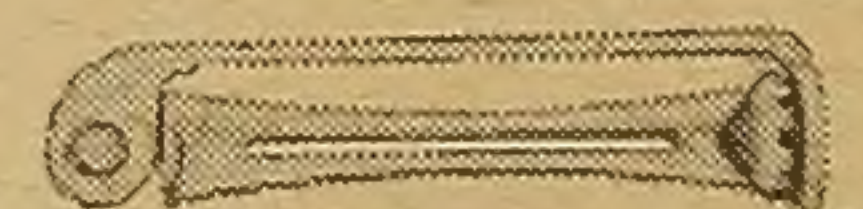
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MODERN SCREEN'S  
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA  
by  
HOLLYWOOD'S  
GREATEST COLUMNIST

# LOUELLA PARSONS



*in this issue:*

**A photo-scoop on Ingrid**

**A Queen's party in Hollywood**

**A Princess' ball in New York**



**LOUELLA  
PARSONS**

## SCOOP PHOTOS

# INGRID AND LARS MARRY

MODERN SCREEN should be proud of its busy cameraman who managed to be on the scene when Ingrid Bergman married Lars Schmidt at Caxton Hall in London. It was a world scoop. But the wedding, secret as it was, came as no surprise to anyone. In England (and in a lot of other places) her marriage to Roberto Rossellini was never considered legal anyway, since it was obtained by proxy in Mexico, so nobody really expected Ingrid to wait for the annulment. I'm told that the only invited guest was Cary Grant, but he didn't arrive on time. This time, I hope Ingrid has better luck.



*Ingrid signs the register (above) at Caxton Hall and then poses smiling (right) for MODERN SCREEN with new husband, Lars.*







## I'm on my SOAP BOX

... to say that movie teenagers are not like the average non-professional teenagers. And, no matter how much their press agents try to say that the young 'pros' are just like other young people, it isn't true. Because of many obvious factors, the same set of rules do not apply.

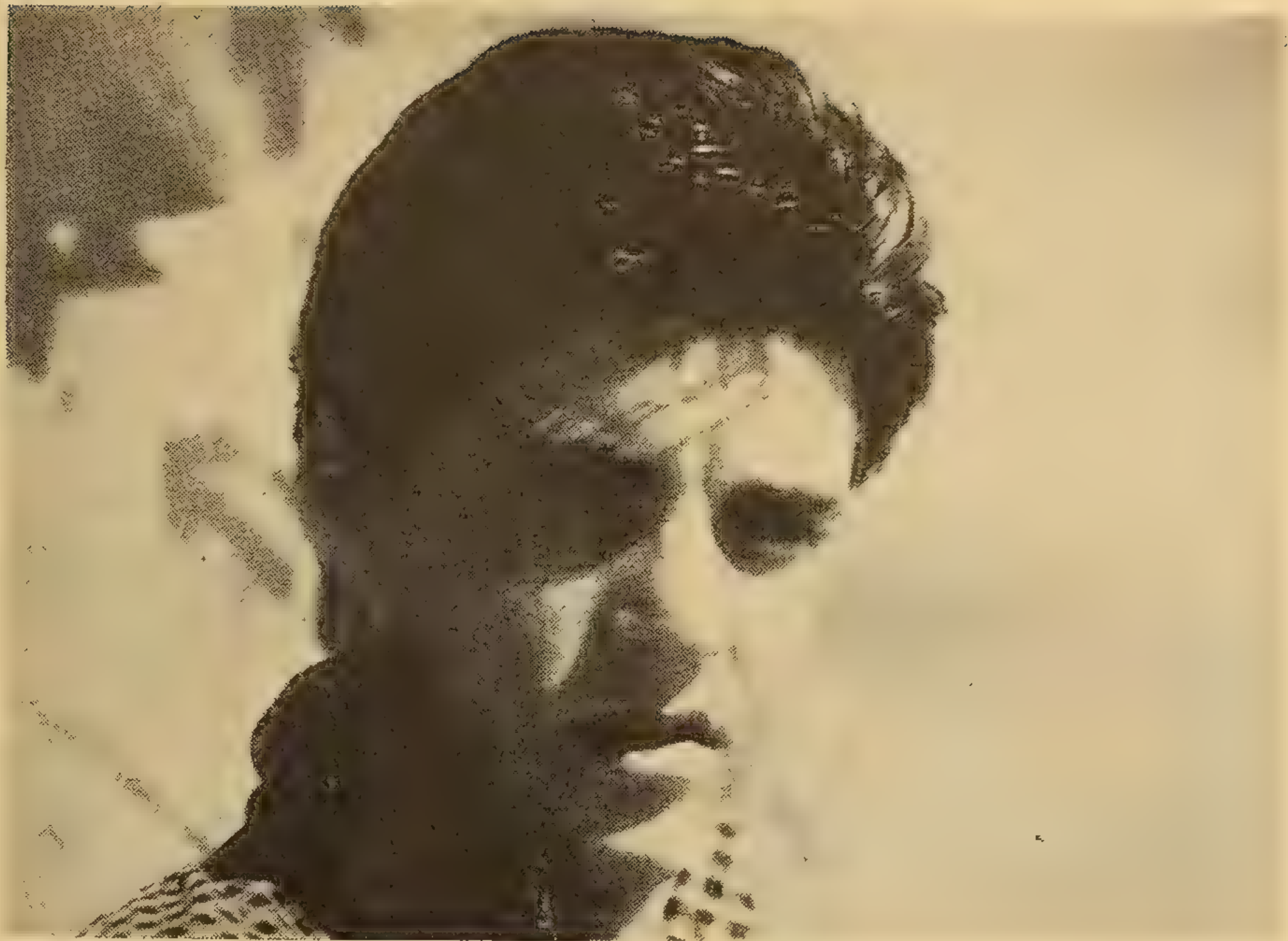
For instance, this business of **Ricky Nelson**, nineteen-year-old singing-acting sensation, making his point and deciding not to go to college. I think his parents, the popular **Harriet and Ozzie Nelson**, are very disappointed about his decision.

As Ozzie said to a friend, "When the boys were little, the main aim in life with Harriet and me was to get enough money to insure their education. I guess all parents particularly want their sons to have college educations.

"But how can you tell a nineteen-year-old boy whose records sell in the millions and who gets a fabulous sum for personal appearances that he should go in for 'higher learning' to insure his future? Ricky's money has been well invested—if he never made another dime, he's got his made—and he'll make another dime or two."

Of course, there's the good argument of the cultural, mental and, yes, spiritual advantages to be obtained by a college education. These points are conceded by Ricky.

"I have no intention of being a dumbbell," he says seriously, "but I can get what I need by having private tutors giving me college courses on the set or at home. Let's face it, with the lucky breaks that have come to me, I could never be like other boys—just another student in a college. It's impossible now



*"Let's face it," says Ricky, making the decision not to go to college, "I could never be like other boys."*

for me to have the boon of privacy. I would be distracted and hindered by being 'different' from the other fellows. I've thought it all over and believe my decision is the wise one." Who can honestly say he isn't right?

## Is Tuesday Too Grown Up?

And, while we are on the subject of teenagers, there's been much to-do ever since an interviewer printed that fifteen-year-old **Tuesday Weld** (now playing the important role of **Danny Kaye's** daughter in *The Five Pennies*) smokes cigarettes and dates

certain older men like **Tab Hunter**. . . !

Heaven knows, smoking at fifteen is much too soon for purely health reasons. As for Tab, the oddly named Tuesday says, "He has always preferred older girls. But we are very companionable—we like to ride horseback together, go to films and plays and talk about our work."

Danny Kaye laughingly says of her, "You can't measure Tuesday by the yardsticks of other girls her age. I think she was mature in the cradle—and showbusiness makes women out of girls anyway. Where her age is concerned, I say Tuesday is fifteen—going on thirty!"

Tuesday says of herself, "My life has not been like that of the average girl—so why should I pretend it has. I've known mature responsibilities since I was twelve—and before that." She was just barely fourteen when she was cast as the daughter in the New York hit *Dark at the Top of the Stairs*. She was still fourteen when Leo McCarey paged her for Hollywood films giving her the part of the baby sitter who causes so much trouble in *Rally Round the Flag, Boys*. And right from there she went over to Paramount for Danny's picture.

Before this she had been a 'child' performer (by years, anyway) on tv in New York. She looked so grown-up and her figure was so developed by the time she was twelve that she was tested for the lead in *A Certain Smile*, the naughty Françoise Sagan movie. Then 20th found out Tuesday's real age and turned her down.

So she has known the disappointments and frustrations of the grown-up world as well as its successes and triumphs. Perhaps she sums it up best herself when she says, "I'm part child—bigger part woman."



*Tuesday and Tab at the Deb Star Ball.*



# LOUELLA PARSONS

Continued

(Photo at right) Jimmy McHugh and Louella brought Ronnie Burns and his sister Sandra to the WAIF Imperial Ball. (Below) Debonair Henry Fonda and Greece's pretty Princess Sophia graced the dance floor that evening.



Esther Williams' date was Jeff Chandler (above left) but Debbie just happened to be at the same table with Jacques Bergerac—it was no date.



## PARTY of the month

It's not every party that is graced by the presence of a real—not a movie—Queen as was the Imperial Ball, sponsored by the WAIF, and attended by her gracious Majesty Queen Frederika of Greece and her daughter Princess Sophia.

So, I suppose we should refer to this glittering formal affair held in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel, as the party of many months.

We took along with us that popular young bachelor **Ronnie Burns** (son of **Gracie Allen** and **George Burns**—as if I needed to tell you) to dance with the young princess. And Ronnie was delighted when Princess Sophia asked him to return to the royal table and sit with her and the Queen.

Ronnie later breathlessly reported to me, "Aunt Louella, the Queen is so natural—just like you and mother." Believe me, I was very flattered to be in such good company. He added that the Queen didn't even become upset when the clasp on her magnificent necklace broke. She just asked Princess Sophia to help her fix it!

**Debbie Reynolds** sat at our table along with **Bob Stack** and Rosemary, **Jacques**

**Bergerac**, Sandra Burns (Ronnie's sister), Camille Williams, Jerry Wunderlick and **Jimmy McHugh**. It was good to see Debbie having so much fun dancing every dance, her eyes sparkling like stars.

Her picture was taken time after time dancing with Bergerac—but take my word for it, this was no 'date.' They arrived at the party separately, just happened to be put at the same table, and so they danced. Most of the time Debbie was occupied backstage as she and **Sammy Davis, Jr.**, and some others were the stars of the show put on by the WAIF for her Majesty.

When we were presented to Queen Frederika, we were told to remove our right gloves. "Good thing I wore gloves," Debbie whispered to me. Put this down as a real big night.

• • •

## Our 'Yankee Princess'

Come to think of it, we've been up to our tiaras in Royalty this month. Coming soon on the departure of Queen Frederika was the arrival (in the East) of Their Serene Highnesses, Princess Grace and Prince Rainier of Monaco. You may recall the Princess as the former Miss **Grace Kelly** of movie royalty. I wasn't in New York for the charity ball

at the Astor Hotel graced by Grace and her Prince, but I received a chatty letter from a socialite 'spy' who paid \$100-a-plate to be one of the one thousand guests breathing the rarified air. She reports:

"Her newspaper pictures made Princess Grace appear plump—but she looked every inch the slim Princess and so very beautiful as she and the Prince arrived in the Grand Ballroom of the Astor. Most of us have better manners—but we just gawked and took in every detail.

"Grace was wearing a gown of Empire style, a long pink satin, with a fichu of pink maline net studded with sequins and held at the décolletage with a nosegay of violets and sweetheart roses! Really a vision of the way everyone expects a Princess to look—and they seldom do.

"Now about that business of her supposedly getting in a temper and stalking off the crowded dance floor. What really happened is that someone accidentally stepped on her foot and it was pain, not temper she was feeling. Anyway, she and the Prince didn't attempt another dance after the slipper business.

"But they stayed for the long, long finale and seemed to enjoy the affair very much. As a good Yankee, all I can say is that everyone in that jammed room was secretly and openly very proud of our Yankee Princess." (A full-length story all about Grace and her private party begins on page 22.)

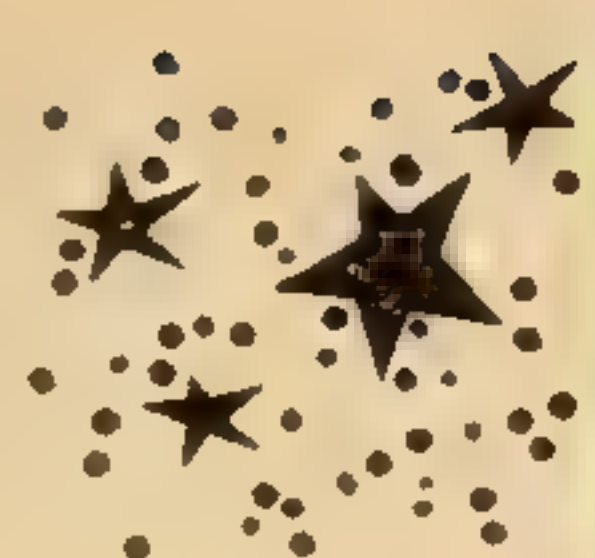




(Above) Kim Novak is presented to Queen Frederika as Colleen Gray and Princess Sophia look on. (Right) Rosemary Bowe has that look in her eye for handsome hubby Bob Stack. They sat at Louella's table at the ball.



Another Imperial Ball—the royalty here: Princess Grace and Prince Rainier of Monaco—was held at New York's Hotel Astor. Everyone in that room was proud of our Yankee Princess, Grace Kelly.



## I nominate for STARDOM

**SHIRLEY MACLAINE:**—that delightful pixie who has parlayed a singing and dancing career on both stage and screen with one of the outstanding emotional dramatic performances of the season in *Some Came Run-*



ning. Apparently, there's nothing this natural, friendly, outspoken girl can't do in show business.

Shirley describes herself as 'happily crazy.' She doesn't own a hat. She doesn't like to eat meals on schedule and has been known to broil a steak at two o'clock in the morning for her 'dinner.'

Married in 1954 to her manager **Steve Parker**, who is also an actor-producer, and the mother of a two year old 'doll' named Stephanie, Shirley describes herself as a 'slap-happy housewife but affectionate.' For the past year and a half Steve has been producing tv films in Japan and spending a great deal of his time there. As this is written, he has just returned to Tokyo for another two months stay.

"This will set off the alarm again that we're having trouble," says Shirley. "But as long as Steve and I know everything is all right between us—what does it matter how much they gossip?"

Born Shirley MacLaine Beaty in Richmond, Virginia, the zingy redhead attended school at Washington and Lee High School in Arlington, Virginia, "and picked up the rest of my education backstage in New York theaters," she laughed.

Her first headline performance was in the Broadway musical *Pajama Game* after being in the choruses of *Kiss Me Kate* and *Oklahoma*.

Shirley's sensational dancing caught the attention of Hal Wallis who signed her for pictures and since coming to Hollywood she's appeared in *The Matchmaker*, *Hot Spell*, *The Trouble with Harry*, *Artists and Models* and *Some Came Running*.

**Frank Sinatra** and **Dean Martin**, her co-stars in the latter, say of Shirley: "She's the greatest—a star for sure"—and I agree.



# LOUELLA PARSONS

Continued

## Paul Newman— No Rebel

Had a heart to heart talk with **Paul Newman** and I'm glad because it has cleared the air between us.

I had liked Paul and **Joanne Woodward** so much when I first met them. And then because of several reasons I began to suspect his sudden big success had gone to his head.

For one example, I had wanted to talk with them for a Sunday newspaper interview and the message came back, "Paul doesn't want to talk at this time."

Also, I had heard that he was being very uncooperative during the filming of *The Philadelphian*, a movie he had not wanted to make in the first place because he was eager to get to Broadway and start rehearsals on his new play.

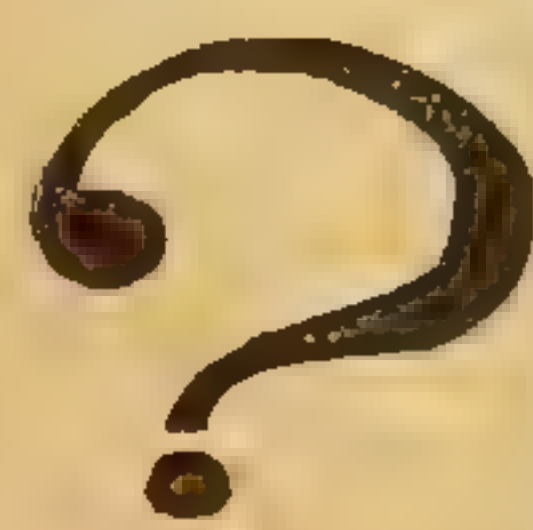
But out of the blue one busy morning in my office came a call from Paul and he sounded like his old self, charming and very, very nice.

"I'm no rebel," he told me straight from the shoulder, "and I never want to give the impression of being difficult. But we have been working from scene to scene on the picture and this is a strain. The sequence I did this morning was written just last night and that's a hard go for an actor—learning lines that fast. It's been nerve wracking—but even so I think we have a good picture and I'm doing all I can to cooperate."

He went on to say that he never wanted me to think that he had changed or was taking his success big.

"I've been in this business long enough to know that you're only as good as your last performance," Paul said. "Let's always be friends, shall we?"

That's fine with me, Paul. I think you are one of the really talented actors and nice persons of this business.



## PERSONAL OPINIONS

The cruelest printed gossip of the month was the linking of the names of Debbie (**Mrs. Tyrone**) **Power** and **Rock Hudson**. Debbie was beside herself with unhappiness when she called me to say, "Please say it isn't true. I am still shattered by Ty's death. I am expecting his baby in three months. Many friends of ours have tried to console me, Rock being one of them. Anything else is ridiculous. . . ."

read, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from Sheilah and **Guy Madison** and the children. How about making it a really Happy New Year, Guy, by moving back home? . . .

**Greer Garson's** friends are deeply concerned about her since the death of her adored mother, Nina. For weeks after Nina's funeral, Greer was unable to leave her bed and saw only her solicitous husband Buddy Fogelson and their closest friends. . . .

It burns **Sandra Dee** up that **Johnny Saxon**, with whom she is old enough to co-star in several movies, thinks she is too young to date. . . .

The Hollywood Women's Press Club made popular decisions this year in voting **Tony Curtis** and **Dinah Shore** as 'the most

*Johnny Saxon thinks Sandra Dee is too young to date. This burns her up, because she's considered old enough to co-star with him in several movies.*

cooperative actor and actress of 1958.' It's a really big honor for Dinah because this is the first year the Golden Apple Award ever went to a TV star rather than a movie performer. . . .

The Laugh of the Month: The crack, "Marlon Brando is financing, producing, directing and starring in *One-Eyed Jacks*—doing everything but playing the feminine lead!" . . .



## France 'gone' on Marlon

Far from giving **Marlon Brando** the air, the truth seems to be that **France Nuyen**, the Oriental doll of Broadway's *The World of Suzie Wong*, is crazy about him. And pinning her heart out that her hit show keeps her in New York while Marlon is in far off Hollywood.

Before starting his picture *One-Eyed Jacks*, Brando paid a flying visit to New York and of course he saw France. Since then the gal has been more 'gone' on him than before.

This isn't the first time Marlon has made a trip to call on Miss Nuyen. While she was in San Francisco on location making *In Love and War* with **Bob Wagner**, Marlon slipped into town and visited her for four days. This was right after his parting from **Anna Kashfi**.

Her friends are trying to talk to France—discouraging her about setting her heart on the elusive Mr. Brando. She's only nineteen, doing very well in her career on both stage and screen, and 20th has big plans for her. But I hear tell she'd give it all up to become the second Mrs. Brando.

In my book, Marlon just isn't the domestic type and I think Anna Kashfi agrees with that. She said at the time of their rift, "He's bored with home life. Sometimes he wouldn't show up for days at a time."

One thing, however, we're beginning to draw a bead on the type of girl who attracts Marlon. Judging by the exotic East Indian Anna, and the equally exotic Chinese-French Miss Nuyen, he obviously doesn't prefer the 'typical American girl.'

## Barrie's Secret divorce

I always say—you never know when or where you are going to pick up a scoop. Which makes my business the fascinating work it is.

For instance, **Barrie Chase**, the sensational dancer who made such a click with **Fred Astaire** on his TV show and who kicks off her movie career in *Mardi Gras* under contract to 20th, came to see me at my home for a Sunday newspaper interview.

I just happened to remark that I guessed we would have to confine ourselves to talking about her career as I understood there were no marriages or divorces or big romances in her life (with the exception of Fred Astaire who insists he's 'too old' for her). Barrie surprised me by calmly stating: "I have been married—and divorced. At nineteen I married Gene Shacove—and it lasted just four months. We were both too young to know our own minds. It's a closed chapter now—and I really don't want to talk about it. But I don't want to misrepresent anything to you, either!"

She went on to say that she had never told any member of the press about her marriage before this. "I had hoped my private life might be kept private. But I guess that isn't possible when you are lucky—and your career begins to move."

I, personally, have the 'private' feeling that her regard for Fred Astaire goes much deeper than either will admit. They share a mutual devotion for dancing, they love attending movies and stage shows together, and they are a great, great team. They call it a 'fine friendship.'



(Left) France Nuyen's friends are trying to discourage her about Marlon Brando. (Below left) Dancer Barrie Chase and Fred Astaire call it a 'fine friendship.' (Below) Debbie (Mrs. Tyrone) Power was a pitiful, dejected figure to all except that raucous crowd.



## A Solemn Note

Inside the chapel of the Hollywood Cemetery, there was dignity and heartache during funeral services for **Tyrone Power**. Outside, the actions of the rowdy crowds were a disgrace!

I am ashamed to report that one giggling girl tossed her slipper into Ty's open grave! When **Yul Brynner** (who has the sad task of replacing Ty in *Solomon and Sheba*) arrived for the services the cries of "Hi! Yul! Thought you were on your way to Spain!" all but drowned out the beautiful eulogy **Cesar Romero** was delivering within the chapel.

The awful part of it was that every shriek and yell was audible to the crushed Debbie Power, the widow, sitting beside Tyrone's casket and to the sorrowing friends who loved him and who had gathered to do him this last honor.

The doctor who had accompanied Debbie Power to the services never took his eyes from her face. He was so worried about her,

for Debbie is expecting a baby in February. She was a pitiful, dejected figure to all except that raucous crowd outside.

Thank heavens she had left the cemetery and did not see the people tearing flowers from the funeral wreaths placed around Ty's grave.

But let's forget all that. Let us remember instead the talent and joy Tyrone brought into our lives with his extraordinary acting ability on stage and screen, and his kind and gentlemanly conduct throughout his life.

Hollywood has lost a fine actor and a fine man. His career speaks for itself. So does his personal life. His generosity to his first wife **Annabella** and his second, **Linda Christian**, practically stripped his personal fortune. But that's the way he wanted it. Yes, Linda came for the funeral and had their two daughters flown here from Mexico, but stayed away from the services at Debbie's request.

I have no more to say about her. But I do say it will be a long time before we see the likes of Tyrone Power again.



# LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

## Debbie's Divorce

Well, **Debbie** filed for her divorce—and no fireworks!

Mrs. Eddie Fisher made no mention of any 'third party' in her suit and instead offered the routine 'extreme cruelty' and 'mental suffering' charges against her singer husband.

It was all so polite and run-of-the-mill that it might not have stirred up a ripple unless **Eddie** and **Liz Taylor** hadn't chosen that very night to go to Romanoff's for dinner with Mike Todd, Jr. This set off headlines in bold type:

LIZ AND EDDIE CELEBRATE DEBBIE'S DIVORCE WITH CHAMPAGNE AND CAVIAR DINNER.

It's all over now—I hope.

• • •



## LETTER BOX

How sad to lose **Tyrone Power**! His charming personality, good looks, sincerity, and sensitive acting will be greatly missed, writes **MRS. ENID ARTIS** of COLUMBUS, GEORGIA. And her sentiments reflect the feeling of many fans who wrote of their grief in the loss of Tyrone. . . .

**VERA VERNHEIM**, NEW YORK, excitedly writes: I was in the crowd outside the Astor Hotel when **Princess Grace** and **Prince Rainier** arrived for the Imperial Ball. When she hesitated a minute waiting for her husband and looked right at me I was so excited I called, "Oh, Miss Kelly, you are so beautiful!" She laughed and said, "Thank you, but my name isn't Miss Kelly any longer." I could have just died of embarrassment. Don't feel too badly, Vera—Grace was so gracious I'm sure she understood. . . .

If movie producers had the sense the good Lord gave geese they'd offer the world and the stars to **Perry Como** to make a movie. It would be the biggest financial smash of movie history, is the firm opinion of **AGNES**

**O'MALLEY**, CHICAGO. I, too, am crazy about Perry—but it has been proven, Agnes, that stars you can see 'free' on TV each week sometimes are not the movie smash you'd expect. Of course, Perry is in a class by himself so maybe you are right. . . .

**VIVIAN BARCLOUGH**, DENVER, wants to know **Debbie Reynolds'** favorite colors because you can tell a lot about a person if you know the colors they prefer. Well, I know Debbie loves all shades of blue. Lately, she's been wearing quite a bit of red. Also white formals. What do you make of this, Vivian? . . .

**MARIA LUCIA DUARTE**, SAO PAULO, who signs herself your Brazilian friends, wants to know if **Rhonda Fleming** is as beautiful in person as she is in her films? Or is it all just make-up and padding, she worries. No padding on Rhonda—and she's quite a looker to the naked eye, Maria. . . .

One of the worst things against Hollywood is the way the enormous salaries and percentages stars get is printed complains **JIMMY WEIR**, ATLANTA, GEORGIA. To read that actors like **Cary Grant**, **Liz Taylor** and **Marilyn Monroe** receive \$750,000 per picture plus a cut on the profits, is enough to start a revolution. He adds, No one is worth that much money. Not if their pictures make millions and millions? Don't get too upset. Uncle Sam takes most of it. . . .

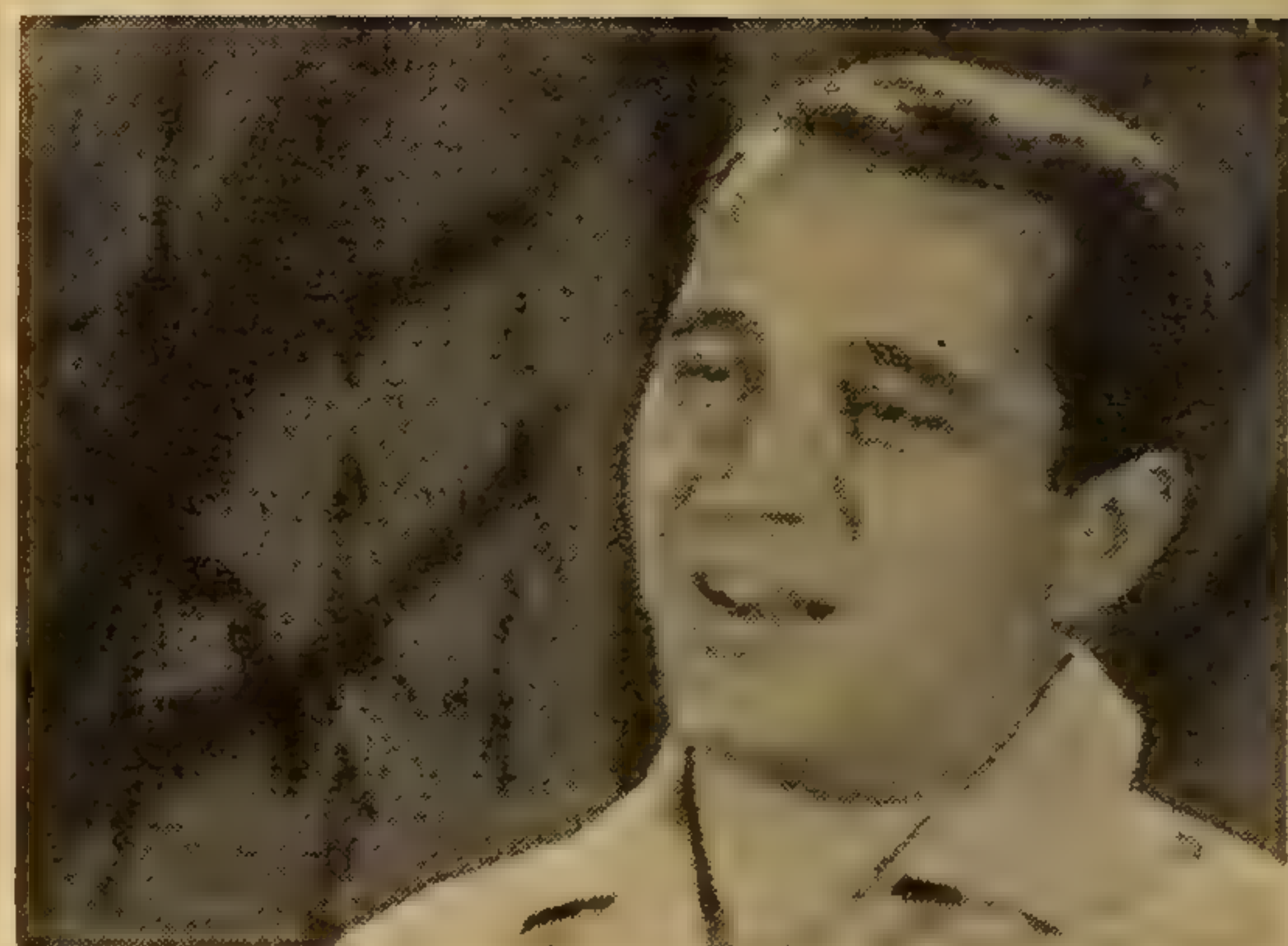
**THELMA VAN DER HOFF**, BROOKLYN, puts in a plug for her favorite film and its stars to win the Oscar: *Gigi* should get it hands down, she thinks and that adorable **Leslie Caron** and handsome **Louis Jourdan**. And of course, **Maurice Chevalier**. . . .

The letters about **Liz**, **Eddie** and **Debbie** continue to pour in but as everything has been said that can be said, I'm not printing any added starters on this topic this month. . . .

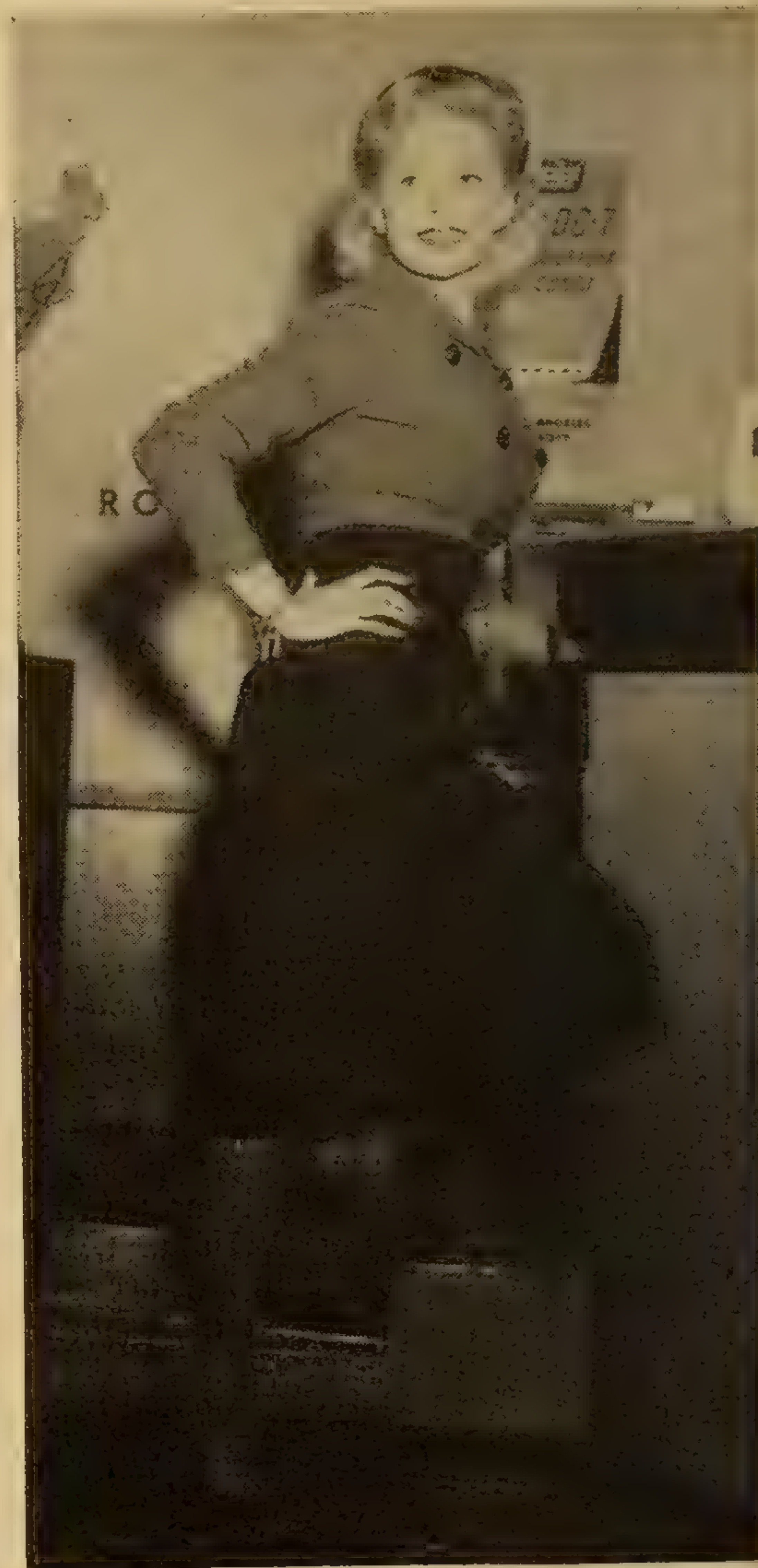
**Jack Lemmon** is the brightest light comedian on the screen today opines **WARREN T. BOYLE**, WASHINGTON, D. C. I go to see every picture he is in knowing I shall be entertained and not depressed. These are kind words, sir, and I'm sure Jack will be pleased to read them. . . .

That's all for now. See you next month.

*Luella O. Parsons*



(Above) If Perry Como made a movie, it would be the biggest financial smash in history, in one opinion. (Below) Rhonda Fleming is really as beautiful in person as she seems to be in films.



16 Cary Grant, Liz Taylor and Marilyn Monroe come in for some sharp criticism from one of our readers. He thinks that no one is worth that much money.

Jack Lemmon, states a fan, is the brightest light comedian on the screen.



## Dick and June

### discipline the children

■ "Well, I'll tell you," Dick Powell says with that infectious grin of his, "disciplining the children isn't very much of a problem."

"And not because I leave it all up to June, either," and now his voice breaks right out into a hearty laugh.

His wife, June Allyson, joins her husband in the laughter and then adds, "All Dick did was teach the children respect for our national anthem," June explains. Explains?

"Wait around for a minute—it shouldn't take more than that—and you'll see."

So we sat around for a minute—it didn't take much more than that—and watched their daughter Pam and her little brother Ricky playing a game together.

And, sure enough, within less time than it takes to pucker up for a whistle, little Ricky—as fellows are apt to—got a little more rambunctious than gentlemen should get when playing games with sisters. And Pam pretty obviously figured that it was time Ricky quieted down and let her hold on to the big ball for a few seconds before Ricky made with a flying tackle and grabbed it from her.

So the next time Ricky headed for her, Pam just stood her ground and started whistling.

Ricky stopped in mid-leap, stood stock still and at attention!

How come?

"Works every time," their mom and pop grinned. "All Pam has to do is start whistling *The Star-Spangled Banner*—and Ricky stands at attention."

"All Dick did was teach the children respect for our national anthem," June laughed, "and the kids took over the discipline problem from there . . . disciplining each other!"

You can see June in *STRANGER IN MY ARMS* for U-I.



## Lanolin Plus creates a new kind of complexion finish!



*Liquid Make-up with Sunshine Vitamin D plus Vitamin A . . . gives skin sheer luminous beauty, even in the glare of the noonday sun!*

Puts other make-ups in the shade! Only new Complexion Control Liquid Make-up gives your skin precious vitamins A and D *plus* the moisturizing miracle of its Lanolin Plus Liquid ingredient.

Complexion Control is so good for your skin, you can leave it on indefinitely without the inevitable drying, coarsening effects of ordinary make-up. Smooths and softens, every minute. Goes on evenly. Never streaks, fades, or changes color. Gives you the moist look that's the young look. Comes in six flattering complexion tones. Get *yours* today! \$1 *plus tax* wherever cosmetics are sold.

(Also available in Canada)

**COMPLEXION CONTROL Liquid Make-up** by LANOLIN PLUS, INCORPORATED



LOUIS JOURDAN, STAR OF THE GREAT MOTION PICTURE "GIGI"



"You can always tell a HALO girl"

Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,  
You can tell by the shine of her hair.  
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,  
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern  
cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible... the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich  
brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today — with pure, sparkling Halo.

*HALO glorifies as it cleans*





MODERN SCREEN

MARCH 1959

WHAT  
DID  
RICKY  
INVITE US  
TO?







*Ricky must have been a little tired that evening, because the first thing he did was lie down on a couch made up of (from left to right) Freddi Robbins, Leslie James, Marsha Marshall and Adrian Simmerin. This so exhausted Leslie that she had to lie down. Notice, however, that Ricky never put down his guitar. Later, some fans crashed the party.*



WHAT DID RICKY  
INVITE US TO?

# A "NO-PARENTS-ALLOWED" PARTY

**W**hat is a 'no-parents-allowed' party?" Earl Leaf, MODERN SCREEN photographer, asked Ricky. It was a new term to him! "Come along and see," was all Ricky would say. "It's going to be at Freddi's pad. She's my date tonight." "Wait a minute," Earl said, "who's Freddi?" "Freddi Robbins," said Ricky, a great gal, a model . . . you must know Freddi . . . then Marsha, Adrian, and Leslie should be there. . . ." "Is that Leslie James?" asked Earl, a little bit startled. "Sure!" said Ricky. "But isn't *she* your girl . . . ? You have a date with Freddi and Leslie's going to be there . . . ? Say Rick, aren't there going to be any men at this party?" "I don't know. I doubt it." "Man!" said Earl . . . "I'll never be able to explain all this. Do you mind if I bring along a camera?" "Bring it," said Rick, and that explains all these pictures, but our photographer Earl still seems a little bit dazed. P.S. it looks to us as if it was a ball.



*The party looked as if it would go on forever. Freddi changed her dress and from then on I Could Have Danced All Night was her theme song. Ricky's fans went home at 2:00; Earl, our photographer, left an hour later; and the party . . . well, for all we know, that may still be going on, too.*



# ENTS-ALLOWED" PARTY!





A vintage photograph of a woman in profile, facing right. She has voluminous, styled reddish-brown hair adorned with a large, ornate hair clip. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly pink or lavender, dress with a high collar and a delicate necklace. Her expression is joyful, with a wide smile showing her teeth. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting an indoor evening setting. The overall tone is warm and nostalgic.

# The night with





# was filled memories...

*and we shared them with Grace and her Prince at a private party from which the press was barred!*

**T**he guest list was limited to sixty-five close friends and family only. The press was barred from the Club. Photographers, columnists and radio stations had made requests to crash the party, but this was a special occasion, and the Prince and Princess of Monaco wanted privacy.

The place was the Harwyn Club, at 112 East 52nd Street, New York City. It was the scene of tender memories, for it was here that the engagement party of Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier was given three years ago.

MODERN SCREEN's reporter was there that night, however, and this is his exclusive report:

The party started at 11:00 on the evening of Wednesday, December 17. It was sponsored by old friends of the royal couple, Major General J. F. R. Seitz, Commanding General of Governor's Island, and his wife, actress Jessie Royce Landis. It was the last big social function before Monaco's rulers would go back to their principality.

When Grace and Rainier arrived—they were about the twelfth couple to come—the General and Mrs. Seitz greeted them warmly. Grace looked very radiant and very beautiful dressed in a gorgeous Empire gown, her hair done up in a bouffant style. (Continued on page 66)



In the house next door to his, Rock sat quietly in the corner by himself, watching.

His buddy Don Burnett and his girlfriend Cindy Robbins were putting the final touches on a very special steak dinner, and laughing at some private joke. Cindy reached for the salad forks and at the same moment Don bent down to kiss her. She dropped them and they laughed again as they kissed again and dived after the forks.

Rock just sat there, thinking. Don and Cindy were so happy together, so in love. Once he too had been . . . but now it seemed so long ago, he could hardly remember. . . .

He had been so lonely since his separation from Phyllis. Oh, he knew that their love was dead, that there was no hope of ever bringing back the happiness they once shared. He himself was too unhappy now, too unhappy even to enjoy an evening with one of the many girls who kept his phone ringing, who invited him to parties, who suggested that an evening on the town would be a marvelous cure for the blues. Too unhappy inside to fling himself into a new romance. So he kept to himself, hiding away on his yacht, with only a few close friends for company.

Then his friends began to drift away. If Rock

wanted to be a hermit, well, after all, it wasn't much fun having a moody guy around, moping by himself, talking to no one.

But Rock had one good friend left.

His next-door neighbor Don.

Don knew it wouldn't do any good to try to draw Rock out of his shell with a big bang-up party. But Don, and the pretty girl he was unofficially engaged to, Cindy Robbins, had put their heads together and decided to try to make him one of the family. If Rock could begin to feel that two people really liked him, liked him enough to put up with his moods, his silences—and his rejections, they figured maybe pretty soon he'd feel ready to open his heart and his life to another woman . . . hopefully to a wife.

So on evenings when Cindy'd come over to Don's house to cook a special steak and baked potatoes for him, they'd look at each other and say, "Let's see if Rock wouldn't like to join us."

And Don would run next door, where like as not Rock would be sitting alone, staring out at the sunset, and announce, "Say, buddy, my gal Cindy has got the greatest steak going under the broiler right now. But you know what? That silly kid is cooking enough for an army. You could do us both a big favor if you'd come over and help us eat some of it. . . ."

# THE NEXT MRS. ROCK



And Rock, deep in his misery, would mumble, "Oh no, Don, you and Cindy want to be alone . . . I know how it is with young lovers."

And Don would insist, "Come on, old man, don't let me down. I don't want my darling to realize what a lousy shopper she is. She thinks she's buying for two, and all she's doing is buying up the supermarket."

"Well, I don't know, I thought I'd drive down to Googie's and get me a hamburger or something. Besides, I'm not hungry."

And Don would pretend to let it go, and start to leave.

Then at the door, he'd turn and ask casually, "Say, Rock, you happen to have some sour cream in your refrigerator? We were going to fix the potatoes the way you showed me. . . ."

And a couple of hours later, three well-fed, happy people would be running along the beach, shouting, "Come on in, the water's fine!"

And little by little, Rock began to pull himself together and face up to the world. He began to realize that here were two people who were an awful lot of fun to be with. Don, a struggling actor who hadn't been in anything very important yet . . . and Cindy, a pretty blue-eyed girl with hair the color of champagne, only twenty-two, but with *(Continued on page 51)*

# DISCOVERED!



# HUDSON ?







*That's Tracey with me (far left). He's my companion and guardian—all in one. This balcony (left) is my pride and joy, and my only view of the outside world . . . I can even see Los Angeles on clear mornings. And here's another treasure (below)—my swimming pool, with its pale blue lights that I use for night swims . . . Let you in on a little secret—I clean it and hose it everyday all by myself!!!*



FIRST  
PICTURES

# kim's new house

With all the stories about my passion for lavender, I was beginning to feel like a 'purple people eater.' So I invited MODERN SCREEN to have a first look into my new home. Sure, there's some lavender in the house—it's my favorite color. But there's more to a home than just a color scheme. And mine gives me all the things I've ever wanted in a home—variety, color, and most of all, comfort. So come in for a look. It is the closest thing to being perfect—at least, for me it is. . . .







*When I feel like growling, all I do is look at the bear rug (above) by my fireplace to know how I'll look . . . frightening! I also keep this beautiful portrait (upper right) in my pastel living room. It's an artist's idea of me as a child. The picture is above my pale grey and white sofa (right) and my five-foot-round walnut coffee table.*



*Evenings there's nothing like relaxing on the giant orchid-colored harem lounge in my den (left). This is my 'purplest' room . . . even the chess set is lavender—and green. And after a long day, I like to stretch out on my blue, blue chaise lounge in the bedroom (above). Those are real candles on my bed (right). Thanks for the visit, come again.*





**KITTY DOLAN, the girl Elvis left behind, asks**

*“Was I a fool to*





# *love you, Elvis?"*



Elvis darling,

I couldn't sleep  
last night.

I kept thinking of  
another night—just  
before you left with  
your unit for Germany.  
Remember how you held me in  
your arms and kissed me? Re-  
member how you said, "I love  
you, Kitty. You're one girl  
in a million—you're the most  
sincere. I know you never want-  
ed anything from me."

You were right in a way. I never  
wanted anything like gifts. No dia-  
monds. No furs. No glitter or glam-  
our. Nothing that money could buy.  
I didn't even want a wedding ring,  
unless the day came when you would  
proudly want me to wear one.

There were times, during those  
magic days and nights we spent to-  
gether, when I hoped that some day  
we could belong to each other forever.

We'd shared (Continued on page 63)



# WILL YOU BE MY Valentine?

Just paste a picture of yourself in the  
box indicated and send the page  
to Modern Screen, so  
Tommy can pick  
the winner



Beau available. Twenty-one years old. Digs casual clothes, slim-Jim ties and blue suede shoes. Flips for chicken Italian style and hot fudge sundaes. Loves listening to the sweet songs of Keely Smith for hours at a stretch. Anybody interested?

Here I am, of age—and all alone.  
“What happened?” I keep asking myself. I’ve goofed somewhere along the line. When I was thirteen or fourteen I used to brag about all I knew about girls. I knew the ropes—inside and out. I had this silly dreamworld image, a kind of sugarplum impression. Girls were all sweetness and light, fresh and dewy like the first flowers of spring.

But now that I’m twenty-one, would you believe it I know less about girls than ever? What’s made me this way? Well, I’ll tell you the whole story from start to finish. This is it. The (Continued on page 70)









**"THIS** is the boy I want to marry!"

Eight words that stand out sharp and clear in my diary. There is no hesitation, no wavering in the writing—no ifs or buts. Just firm conviction, sureness, foresight.

I wrote those words when I was fifteen. I wrote them about Dick Clark. . . .

If ever we have a daughter who tells us, at fifteen, that she's falling in love, we won't do any laughing. Memory will be too sharp in us—as sharp as those words in my diary.

I'll see the pleasant-looking, easy-going boy who used to laugh into my eyes in Miss McDougal's Latin

Class at A. B. Davis High in Mount Vernon. At sixteen, he made me over from a little frightened rabbit to a person. He did it without half trying, just by being himself and liking me, just as I was.

Maybe we didn't guess then that we'd change each other's lives, but deep down, I think I've known it always from the first time I noticed him, way back in Junior High when I was only thirteen. We didn't share classes then—Dick was a year ahead of me—but I knew he was the most popular boy in school. He was president of the Dramatic Club, president of his class for two years, and in the thick of just about everything. Why should he notice a kid like (Continued on page 67)



How  
I  
got  
my  
man  
at  
15



by Mrs. Dick Clark





## Now—the Exotic Look—in Pearl Polish by Cutex

Your nails become exotic jewels—it's the most expensive look in history! Suddenly—your present polish looks flat and old hat. Your nails should gleam with the fire and fascination of exotic pearls . . . blues and greens from the deep blue seas . . . orchids and oranges from the islands . . . whites from foaming breakers. Never before have nails looked so exciting! Be the first to have the Exotic Look in Cutex Pearl Polish, the new, longer-lasting polish that turns your nails into jewels.

49¢ plus tax

**CUTEX®**

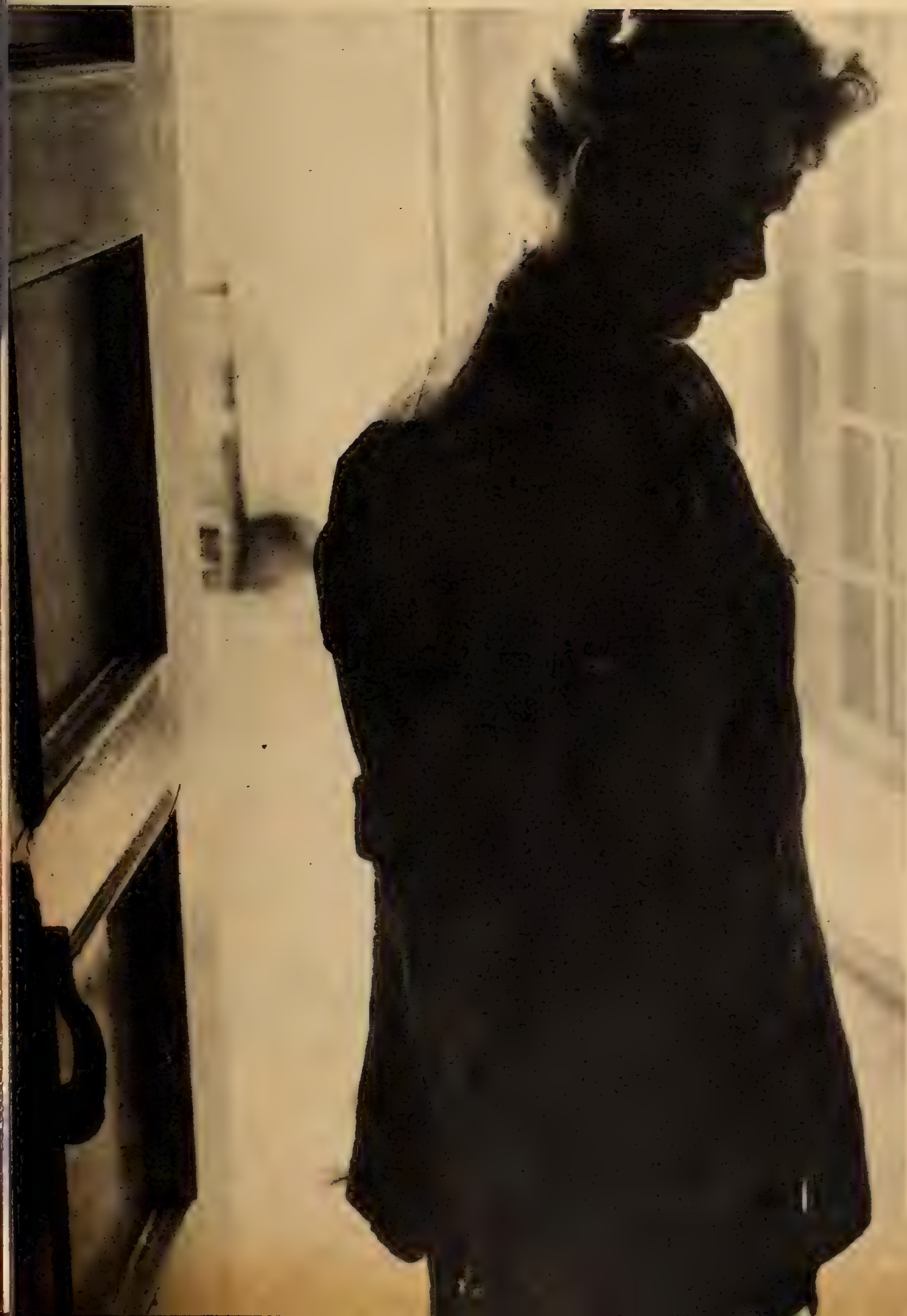




# YOUNG GIRLS IN HOLLYWOOD

FIRST OF  
A SPECIAL  
SERIES

*subject this month:* **CONNIE STEVENS**



**This is Connie Stevens. A young, beautiful girl, a starlet . . . in tears . . . But this isn't for the screen . . . this is no acting job. It's a twenty-year-old girl after a fight with the boy she loves. She's a nice girl, a very nice girl, and we care enough about her to ask how the fight began . . . how it will end . . . and why she's standing in her room and gasping, "It isn't worth it . . . It just isn't worth it."**

*is it worth  
it?* →



GIRLS IN HOLLYWOOD:  
**CONNIE STEVENS**

# *Is it worth it? All a girl goes through to become a star?*



*When she's in front of a camera or behind a mike, Connie is doing what she wants to do most. But for every moment of this kind she has spent a hundred hours...waiting for agents and producers. No doors have opened magically. She has waited and worried. Now she must continue to wait for her reviews and worry even harder.*

**Text by Beverly Linet**  
**Photos by Laurence Schiller**







**A** frightened little girl in blue jeans and an oversized shirt sits in a control room nervously toying with a container of luke-warm coffee. She is listening to a love song and the voice she hears sounds unfamiliar and remote. She knows it is her voice and she thinks she's just awful. A million butterflies are fluttering about inside her as the playback continues. Butterflies that weren't there just ten minutes before. Then she was confident and happy. Then she was doing the thing she loves best. She was singing, and she had felt ten feet tall. Singing has been Connie Stevens' 'life' since

high school. She was only sixteen when she lied about her age and joined two other girls for a night-club act in Reno and Las Vegas.

The recording studios at Warners are more pleasant than the crowded, smoky, noisy cocktail lounges to which she had been exposed. Her clothes are more comfortable than the flashy, slinky gowns she once wore to make herself appear older and sophisticated. But no longer is she just part of a trio. No longer is her audience comprised of people who have gambled too much and have had a drink too many and don't really care what or who they are listening to. Now she is on her own and the success or failure of the album she is making can possibly determine her entire future. . . .

Finally the song is ended—and she wants to rush out and beg for a chance to do it over. But her director tells her she's just great and the musicians and arranger are smiling through the glass enclosure. The ordeal is over—for today. But not quite over, after all. There's a call from Jim Conklin, head of Warner Brothers' record division. He wants to see her right away. The butterflies return—in greater force. She rushes to change her clothes, to get to his office. But he's detained—and again she must wait. She sits alone and waits and worries. Worries if her dress is proper, if her make-up is on right, if the album is to be cancelled. Finally he comes. He wants to discuss a new 'single' he has in mind. And he wants to congratulate her for the work she has done so far. "You are one of our brightest stars," he assures her. And she smiles. She has heard this before. She has heard this from Jerry Lewis with whom she appeared in *Rockabye Baby*. Jerry even gave her a bracelet inscribed: TO A GREAT NEW STAR. I AM PROUD OF YOU. But Connie knows she has a long way to go and a great deal to go through before she becomes a star. . . . And she wonders if it's worth it.



## GIRLS IN HOLLYWOOD: CONNIE STEVENS

Despite Jerry Lewis' and Jim Conkling's faith and assurances, Connie Stevens knows she's not really a star. Stars—to Connie—were those exciting glamorous creatures she'd see on the screen six times a day when she was a little girl back in Brooklyn. Stars were those enchanting blonde goddesses whose activities and life stories she devoured greedily via every movie magazine she could buy or borrow. They were the 'chosen people' who lived in thirty-room mansions with thirty-foot swimming pools; who drove Jaguars or Cadillacs; whose wardrobes overflowed with minks and fabulous gowns; who had servants to care for their every need. And even starlets had protectors and advisors to solve every problem, studio gennies to guide every move. But the Hollywood Connie used to read about and dream about no longer exists. She has to make it alone. By saving almost every penny she has earned since her first movie, *Eighteen and Anxious*, two years ago, she finally was able to buy her own home. It's a modest little house in

the Hollywood Hills. It has no swimming pool, no fancy furnishings, but since her parents' separation eighteen years ago, it's the first real home she's ever known with her father. To get it, she has had to deny herself a hundred things. Her wardrobe is scant. All her possessions fit into one small closet. She treasures her one party dress, and her evening jacket is an inexpensive, bulky knit sweater which also doubles for sportswear. To keep her dresses in good condition for special occasions and business appointments she runs around town in those ever-lovin' blue jeans and her boyfriend's discarded shirts. Because she puts all her 'extra' money into the house, her beauty parlor is the kitchen sink. She hopes her new album will be a big success. If it is she'll treat herself to a 'domestic' once a week. It would mean so much to have someone help with the shopping and the cleaning and the cooking and the dozen other chores she frantically tries to do on the run. She'd learned to keep house when she was living by herself, and she's good at it. But now that the demands of her career are growing greater, she's left with so little time to herself—so precious little time—and there's a very important way she wants to spend it.

(Turn the page.)



*Her life seems glamorous—from a distance. But with little money and even less time, Connie spends no time in beauty parlors. She has no maid. She washes her own hair and her father is her 'dresser.' Shopping for dinner, Connie looks for the day's specials.*





*Is it worth it? Remember,  
a starlet isn't a star! She  
lacks time, help, money,  
but she has to make do...*



*And there's no one to help  
with the heavier chores, no  
one but Dad—and he's busy  
too. Even finding a few min-  
utes to wash her pup can  
become a problem.*



**continued**



GIRLS IN HOLLYWOOD:  
**CONNIE STEVENS**

*Is it worth it to steal the loves? Connie can tell you*



*"Let's make a day of it," says Gary, surprising Connie one morning. "It's my birthday." "I've got to do a date layout," says Connie, "but I'll make the photographer hurry." But he doesn't hurry, and Connie is very late.*

She wants to spend her time with Gary Clarke—her best beau. Right now he's the one special person who means more than anyone else in her life. Is she in love? She thinks so. But love needs time to develop and grow secure. Shunted from one relative to another as a little girl, Connie knows the agony a child of divorce can go through—particularly when both parents are entertainers—and she vows no child of hers will suffer a similar fate. But how can a love grow strong when it is always put off 'til tomorrow? That's her big problem—hers and Gary's. For he's an actor too and when he's not rushing from office to office, he's rehearsing scenes or acting in little theater

productions, hoping someone will see him and give him his big break. Too often his schedule and Connie's clash. Too often the moments they spend together must be stolen ones: a brief visit in the morning before they go their separate ways, maybe a sandwich together at lunch-time if they're lucky. Occasionally a midnight-malt after his show breaks—if Connie doesn't have to be up at the crack of dawn. Sometimes they work out things so they can spend an entire day together and then the things they plan don't work out at all . . . And there are misunderstandings and fights—and tears and loneliness. That's when Connie wonders most of all—Is it worth it?



*time to see the man she  
u...that leads to tears...*



*When she gets home, Gary's patience has run out. In a few minutes he must leave for work and his temper is short. So is Connie's. There are heated words. Then he walks out and she's left alone to cry.*



continued





*A phone can have a joyous ring when you're feeling low, when you're ready for bed just because there's nowhere else to go. "A party? A beach party? Now? Well, why not?" This is a party she wouldn't want to miss.*



## GIRLS IN HOLLYWOOD: CONNIE STEVENS

*Is it worth it?  
"Lord, yes!"  
says Connie.  
"Yes, yes, yes!"*

Yes, there are the moments of fear and loneliness and the lack of money and time which make Connie wonder whether her struggle to become a 'somebody' is really worth the effort it takes. There are the bad times. But when Connie is feeling sorry for herself, she counts the blessings of the past two years. She's with her father again and that's important. She can't always see Gary when she wants to but she knows that he is there. If things had been different—if she hadn't been an actress—she may never have met him at all. If she hadn't become an actress she may never have known the loyal friends she now has; the friends she can count on to cheer her when she's feeling blue. And when there is time, there's the gay and carefree get togethers at her home, at the





*For this is a surprise party for Gary,  
and he's the one who takes her home.*



beach, at the movies which she still adores. For the first time in her life she has roots. For the first time in her life she has a sense of belonging to somebody and something. And if she hasn't the clothes and the help—and the time to concentrate *completely* on romance, these things aren't missed too much because she never had had them before. Not as a high school girl. Not as a night-club singer. Not as a salesgirl in a dress shop. But she does have something now that is pretty wonderful. She has a faith in tomorrow and a pocketful of dreams that are on their way to becoming realities.

Is it worth it, all that a girl has to go through to become a star? Connie Stevens—starlet on her way—now believes it is.

**END**

*And when he kisses  
her good-night  
everything is right  
again. And being  
young and hope-  
ful, Connie feels  
it will stay right.*





11

was  
LIZ'S





# betrayed!

## SIDE OF THE STORY

There is a terrible hurt in Liz Taylor's heart.

Do you care?

Your answer—if you're at all typical of millions of movie fans today—is probably, "Her? Who cares about her after what she's done?"

But here is something that may surprise you. The hurt Liz feels is not the result of all the attacks that have been leveled against her in connection with the Eddie Fisher-Debbie Reynolds divorce case . . . not the result of the way some things she said recently about Debbie and, too, about her own late husband, Mike Todd, were 'twisted' by a certain well-known reporter.

Liz's hurt stems, rather, from her being attacked as a mother.

The attack appeared in a newspaper column not long ago.

The column item—and we reprint it with all its sarcasm intact—reads:

*Bravo to Elizabeth Taylor, whose infant daughter, Liza Todd, was recently hospitalized. Did Liz, with all her money, take a room in the hospital so she could be with her ailing tot*

*day and night? Not Liz. Did Liz, during the hospitalization, sit home and bite her nails with worry instead of stepping out with Eddie Fisher? Not Liz. Did Liz, after Liza was back home, place her child's crib beside her own bed instead of packing her off to a guest cottage on the other side of the Taylor estate? Not Liz. Well, our Miss T. may not win that Oscar everybody's been wondering about. But she looks like a cinch for one award, at least: Mother of the Year.*

That's the item.

We won't bother reprinting the name of the man who wrote it.

But we are bothered by the fact that the man who wrote it is a liar, that (and we know this for a fact) he is an opportunist who was once befriended by Liz and who has repaid that friendship by kicking her when she was down, that he is a man who—by his lies—has betrayed his profession and a fellow-human being.

We ask you now to read the following story, Liz Taylor's side of

the story, and to decide for yourself.

We ask you to read it in a spirit of fairness, with your hearts and minds opened wide.

We ask you to judge—once more—a woman who has been so often and so viciously judged in the recent past.

And we hope, sincerely, that after you read it you will say to anyone who smirkingly mentions her name: "Liz Taylor? Yes, I care about her again. And let me tell you why. . . ."

Our story begins late that dark and rainy afternoon last November. Liz was in the nursery, alone with Liza. The baby had been flushed and crying for the past hour and Liz had just taken her temperature.

"Oh no," she said, aloud, as she looked down at the thermometer.

She looked back into the crib for a moment and placed her hand over the baby's forehead. The intense heat that met her fingers seemed to spread through her own body.

"Oh no, no," she said again as she sped from the room, to a phone in the foyer.

She (Continued on page 60)





*Bobby was getting the works!*

*Glamour...the big time...hot  
music and a woman, a real  
woman in love with him...he  
thought! This was*



# **A BOY'S DREAM...A MAN'S NIGHTMARE**





introducing:  
**BOBBY DARIN**

(songwriter and singer of the great hits,  
"Queen of the Hop" and "Splish Splash")

by Paul Denis

**C**igarette smoke curled lazily toward the ceiling . . . grey faces clustered at small, black, glass-topped tables . . . 10:00 p.m. in a small New York cafe.

A fellow in his teens was over in the corner, idling softly with the drum set. A smartly-dressed blonde watched him intently, and then asked the bartender, "Who's the kid?"



"Oh, him?" the bartender said. "That's Bobby Darin . . . Works in an office . . . hangs around here at night . . . noodles around the piano and drums . . . sometimes he sings . . . the boss lets him . . . Of course, he ain't a regular performer. . . ."

The blonde sized up the boy appreciatively.

"I'm a dancer," said the blonde. "Maybe I'll ask that kid if he wants to work in my new act. . . ."

"Go ahead, lady," said the bartender. "He ain't going to bite your head off."

She floated over to the tiny bandstand.

"I'm Gloria Fantasy . . . I do a dance act . . . Calypso, cha-cha, East Indian . . . Heard of me. . . ?"

Bobby continued to drum softly with his fingers on the bongos. "Yeah . . . sounds familiar." He straightened his sports jacket and tried to appear man-about-townish.

"I'm looking for a drummer . . . bongo drums . . . I've been here (*Continued on page 80*)



*“ . . . don't worry about me . . .  
please don't worry . . . ”*

“Please,” Marilyn Monroe said to the doctor, “would you say that once more, what you said about the tests?”

The doctor smiled.

His patient looked so eager, so hopeful.

“They show that you're going to have a baby,” he told her again, gently.

Marilyn's face flushed. She had come into the office a few minutes earlier, tired-looking, very tired. But now she was suddenly radiant. And nearly speechless.

“A baby?” she asked.

“Oh,” she whispered then, still not quite believing it. But when, a moment later, the simple, beautiful message had sunk in, she rose from her chair. And this time she cried it out:

“Oh . . . Oh, thank God. And thank *you*, Doctor . . . I've got to get back to the hotel, right away, Doctor, and phone Arthur and tell him the good news!”

The doctor rose now, too.

“Your husband went back to New York?” he asked, as he walked toward her.

“He left last night, for some business conferences,” Marilyn said. “Just last night...” (Continued on page 78)







by Ed DeBlasio

# the LAME BOY who walked with GOD

Anna Magnani awoke. Even though she had slept badly the night before, moving nervously about the big dark-canopied bed and dreaming long nervous dreams, she smiled. For it was morning now, the morning of *il giorno felice*, the happy day. And so what that the sun was not shining outside and that it rained gray and hard, instead? If Rome had been hit by a rare snow-storm this day, or even a hurricane or a typhoon, it wouldn't have made any difference. For this was the happy day for Anna. It was her son Luca's day. It was his sixteenth birthday and that night there would be the party for him, his first party. And for the first time, really, after so many strange and lonely years away at that far-off hospital, he would be able to enjoy himself.

And so, though the palms of her hands were wet and though she noticed that her breathing was heavy, very heavy, she (Continued on page 73)

*This is a photograph of Luca, and his mother, the great actress, Anna Magnani.  
We are privileged to bring you their story...*





## The Next Mrs. Rock Hudson?

(Continued from page 25)

all the kindness and understanding of a woman much older. Rock wished with all his heart that he could do something for them. Here he had gotten so much from life—riches, fame—and yet had such a heavy heart that he wasn't much good to anyone. And here they hadn't had a break yet . . . but they did have what was important—happy hearts . . . and love.

And so when Universal was looking for a girl to play Buz Dietrick in *This Earth Is Mine*, a picture Rock was starring in, what could be more natural than for Rock to suggest Cindy?

And when Rock and Cindy took off for Napa, in Northern California, for six weeks of location shots, what could be more natural than that these two friends should spend most of their time together . . . ?

Up in Napa, the whole company stayed at one big motel and took their meals together. Cindy wondered how Rock would react to this—he wasn't exactly gregarious yet.

Then she remembered something Don had said about his pal: "Keep an eye on him, darling; don't let him get too lonely."

So Cindy took a walk down to Rock's cabin and knocked at the door.

At first there was no answer; then, "Yeah?" in a voice that clearly said, "Don't bother me."

But when Rock saw *who* was bothering him, his face lit up and he said, "It's sure good to see you."

They talked for a few minutes, small talk, and after a while, Rock said, "Well, I suppose we might as well face dinner. Coming, Cindy?"

"I'm not sure I'm going to eat in the commissary tonight, Rock," Cindy said slowly. "I suppose I'll have to, because I don't have my car, but I'd just love to drive around and explore some of the restaurants in the Valley."

"Oh, you can take my car," Rock offered. "I didn't know you wanted to go out."

"Well . . . um, thanks," Cindy said after a pause. She shrugged her shoulders very slightly and got up from her chair.

"Wait, Cindy," Rock said then, "do you think you could stand some company . . . ?"

### A heart-to-heart talk

" . . . and can you image, Rock, I was a chorus girl at nine years old!" They were lingering over coffee, and Cindy was talking up a storm. She had never talked much about herself before. Maybe she had been too busy drawing Rock out then, but now Rock, newly relaxed and smiling, was asking her all about her childhood.

"What do you mean a chorus girl?" he said.

"Well, I'd taken ballet lessons since I was a toddler. My mother had been a professional dancer, and she sort of pushed dancing at me. Not that I minded!"

"The lessons started in Hammond, Louisiana, where I was born, and by the time we got to Glendale, California, practically every minute I wasn't in school I was dancing."

"Then, when I was nine, I tried out with a hundred other candidates for the chorus line at the Greek Theater in Los Angeles. And I got the job."

"Quite an honor, I'd say," Rock commented.

"Oh, I was very proud. I even got paid."

## The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



**Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?**

**A. It's true! One is "physical",** caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous", stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex".



**Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?**

**A. Doctors say the "emotional" kind is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.**



**Q. How can you overcome "emotional" perspiration?**

**A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this perspiration. Now it's here . . . Perstop\*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed. So effective, yet so gentle.**



**Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?**

**A. Because of exclusive Perstop\*, ARRID CREAM Deodorant penetrates deep in the pores and safely stops this "emotional" perspiration odor where it starts. Stops it as no "roll-on", spray-on or stick deodorant could ever do.**

Why be only Half Safe?  
use **Arrid** to be sure!

It's 1½ times as effective as all other leading deodorants tested! Used daily, ARRID with Perstop\* actually stops perspiration stains, stops odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.



43¢

plus tax.

\*Carter Products Trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants



**A**round Hollywood, Ann Blyth is known as a Lady.

And she is.

She is also the mother of three lively youngsters. She often says of them, "I'm always learning something new from my children."

One night as Ann was dressing for a big Hollywood party she turned to her husband and said, "That was quite a trick our kids taught me today, wasn't it dear?"

He smiled and kissed her cheek and teased her, "If the party gets dull, that's something you could do to liven it up!"

Well, the party turned out not to be dull, but Ann found herself stuck with an old bore who had just heard that she had turned down several European offers because she would be separated from her family. His comment was that it must be difficult for her to make a success of her career when she was so tied down.

Ann tried to explain that her family came first and how wonderful it was to be with growing children. But he wasn't convinced and moved on to talk to someone else.

Soon the entertainment began. Any guest who could perform now got up and showed off his specialty. When it came to Ann's turn they expected she would sing.

But Ann announced with a twinkle in her eye, "Tonight I'm not going to sing. Instead, I want you all to be the first audience to a new act I just perfected."

And with that, she took a hula hoop, and for the next many, many minutes, kept it whirling!

As Ann Blyth says, you can learn something from children every day.

**ann  
puts  
on  
an  
act**



It was my first salary—a dollar a night."

Rock laughed, and then grew serious. "Cindy," he said, touching her hand, "I'm very glad you're here. It's great to have someone from home to talk to."

"Well, hey, it's great to have such a good listener."

The waiter came over to their table.

"Check, sir?"

"No, I think we'd like another cup of coffee—I mean, you'd like to stay, wouldn't you, Cindy...?"

Cindy smiled to herself. That look of strain had lifted from Rock's face, and for the first time in a long time conversation didn't seem to be such an effort to him. She hoped he was enjoying himself as much as she was.

"... So you were already in the big-money league at nine," Rock was saying... "Then what?"

"Oh there's more," Cindy said. "By the time I was eleven, I was featured in Ken Murray's *Blackouts*, and this time I was making \$35 a week. I was the youngest member of the cast and I had firmly decided to devote my life to dancing."

"But when I got to Glendale High School, I discovered something much more satisfying than dancing—the high school plays. I threw myself into learning all I could about acting techniques. I won first place at a drama festival, and by then I knew the most important thing in the world for me was to become a professional actress."

#### **She knew what she wanted**

"So my parents—they're just darling, Rock, I hope you can meet them sometime—they agreed to let me study and finish high school at the School for Young Professionals in New York. After that I did quite a few TV shows—and then I got my first big break."

"Hollywood beckoned?" Rock guessed.

"No, Shirley Booth chose me to play with her in *By the Beautiful Sea*. Oh it was wonderful being in a play with Shirley Booth; I learned so much. And, it ran on Broadway for ten months!"

"The Coast came next. I was very lucky. Dorothy McGuire wanted me for the lead in *The Vacant Lot* at the La Jolla Playhouse... then there were more TV shows out here... and, well, you know the rest: this role in *The Earth Is Mine*."

Rock hadn't taken his eyes off Cindy as she sketched her life story for him. "You always knew what you wanted, and you went after it, and you got it," he said thoughtfully. "When I was a kid, I used to dream about being a movie star, but I never did anything about it. Not much, anyway. Just a few school plays, and I did sing in the First Congregational Church choir in Winnetka—"

"Oh did you really?" Cindy interrupted eagerly. "I used to teach Sunday School myself. And the YWCA—I used to teach classes there."

The waiter came over and stood by their table. "I'm sorry, sir, the restaurant's closing now."

"Why, I had no idea it was so late," said Rock, surprised.

He paid the check and he and Cindy walked out to Rock's convertible. The night was warm and the breezes gently ruffled Cindy's hair. She leaned back and looked up at the blue-black sky and the bright twinkling stars. As they drove along the empty road, she glanced over at Rock and noticed that the corners of his lips were turned up in the beginnings of a smile.

Neither of them said very much, but it was a good silence, a companionable silence... the silence of two people who understood each other well enough not to need words...

Rock stopped the car outside Cindy's

door. "Good night," he said, "it's been a very pleasant evening."

Cindy laughed shyly. "I'm afraid I kind of monopolized the conversation—"

"No," Rock said, "I wanted to learn more about you, Cindy... and besides, sometimes I'd rather just listen."

And he reached over and his lips brushed her forehead lightly. And lightly he said, "That's for luck."

Inside her motel room Cindy sat in her champagne-colored housecoat, slowly brushing her hair... Her eyes were dreamy, unseeing, far away. Suddenly she focused on the image in the mirror. She caught her breath. *What in the world are you thinking of*, she told herself sharply. *After all, how does that old expression go—'what's a little kiss among friends'...?*

Inside his motel room, Rock ground out a cigarette and lit another one. *I don't understand this*, he said to himself, *feeling like this... I thought I never would again... but not Don's girl... not Don's girl...*

#### **The rumors begin**

A few days later, a difficult scene was scheduled. In it, Rock is wounded and pinned under a car. A few rehearsals of that scene, and Rock really felt wounded. Every muscle in his back was in knots. He felt he'd never straighten up again. "Is there a doctor in the house?" he groaned, his eyes shut in pain.

Cindy had heard him and came over. She had been deliberately avoiding him since the night they had gone to dinner.

She wanted some time alone to straighten out the strange emotions that had been going on inside her, feelings she wouldn't, couldn't believe.

But Rock needed her now—if he knew it or not. Cindy's mother had passed on to her all the show business tricks she'd known as a dancer—and she knew all the ways to get the kinks out of a tired body. Now Cindy knew, too.

"Rock," she said softly, "I can help you."

He opened his eyes. He stopped groaning. "Cindy—"

"Now you just lie down here," she said, very business-like. "Take off your shirt."

And her gentle hands, surely, swiftly, began to ease the agony out of Rock's aching muscles.

When she was done, Rock sat up and impulsively threw his arms around her. "Cindy," he exclaimed, "you've made me a new man!" And just as impulsively planted a resounding kiss on her surprised lips.

And that's where the rumors may have started. Just a big, brotherly kiss—anyone might have done the same. But for the rest of the afternoon, whenever Cindy'd look up from the script she was studying, she'd find Rock's eyes burning into hers...

When the day's shooting was done, Rock asked her, "Would you have dinner with me tonight? There's—there's something I want to talk about..."

Yes, Cindy thought, *we'd better get it over with now...*

So they did go to dinner, back to the little restaurant they had first discovered. And they ordered Beef Stroganoff, and a good wine, and they talked. They talked about Rock's interest in doing a Broadway play, and they talked about the volunteer work Cindy was doing with religious organizations in Malibu, and they talked about the places in the world they'd like to visit some day. But they didn't talk about the thing they'd come to talk about.

And when Rock brought her home, he kissed her good night, not on the forehead as before; on her lips, sweetly,



gently. Rock looked away then, and started to say, meant to say, *Cindy, we can't go on like this.*

Cindy put her hand out and started to open the car door, started to say, *Rock, I think it would be better if we didn't see each—*

And suddenly, at the same moment, they both knew they couldn't say the words they had to say. . . .

#### Not like before

The next week end Don came up for a visit.

The three old friends went around together, went driving together, swimming together, eating together.

Like before.

But not quite. It wasn't really the same. And they all knew it.

But none of them spoke of it . . . What could three good, decent people say to change what could not be helped. . . ?

Don left for Malibu; Cindy and Rock saw him off, and then Cindy went right to her room. And she lay there on her bed, thinking, praying, *Oh God, help me know the right thing to do . . . Oh God, help me. . . .*

And that is the story as far as it is known.

Rumors had spread the story of the love of Rock and Cindy, some of them false, as rumors often are . . . and some of them true. Rock and Cindy have denied there was anything between them. They may deny their feelings to the world now, but the time may come when they can no longer deny their feelings to their hearts. Cindy wants to be kind and she would never consciously hurt anyone's feelings, particularly not Don's—for he needs her much more than Rock does at this stage of his career. He is still struggling, and needs the reassurance of a beautiful girl, while Rock is the idol of millions of girls.

The rumors are quieting down, because there is nothing to feed them. No news leaks out of Malibu. Rock continues to be noncommittal, and Cindy feels the less she says about him, the better.

Since Cindy and Don have never officially broken up, they are then still unofficially engaged. And, in addition to not wanting to hurt the feelings of his best friend, Rock has another reason to keep quiet. His divorce from his first wife, Phyllis, is not final. Unless he resorts to a quickie Mexican divorce, he is not at liberty to make any announcement.

What's ahead for Rock and Cindy?

Anyone who observed them together at Napa could tell how they felt about each other. Anyone who saw them would say that there's little doubt that they are deeply in love, and that it's only a matter of time till Cindy Robbins becomes the next Mrs. Rock Hudson. **END**

Rock can soon be seen in *THIS EARTH IS MINE* for U-I.

#### PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

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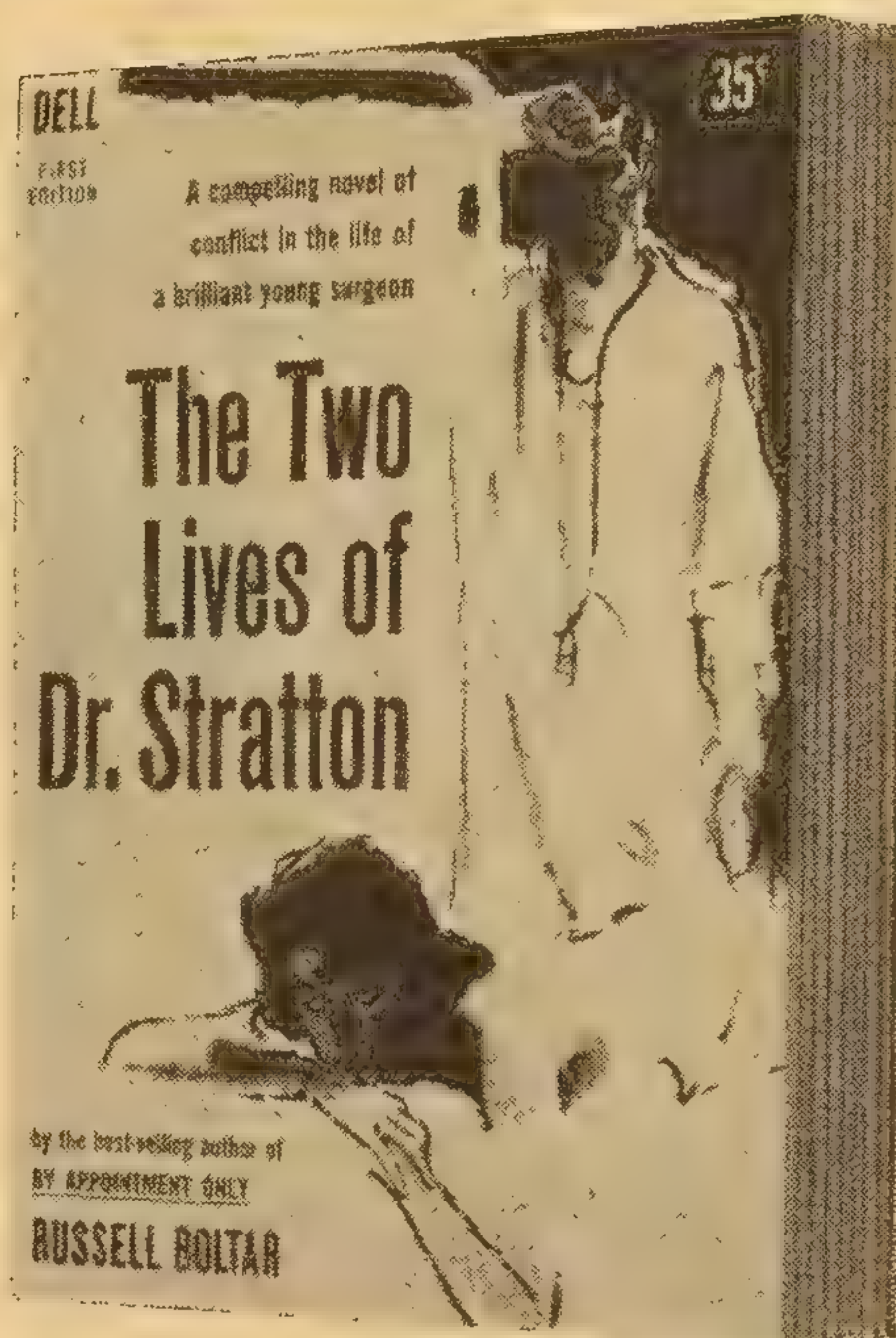
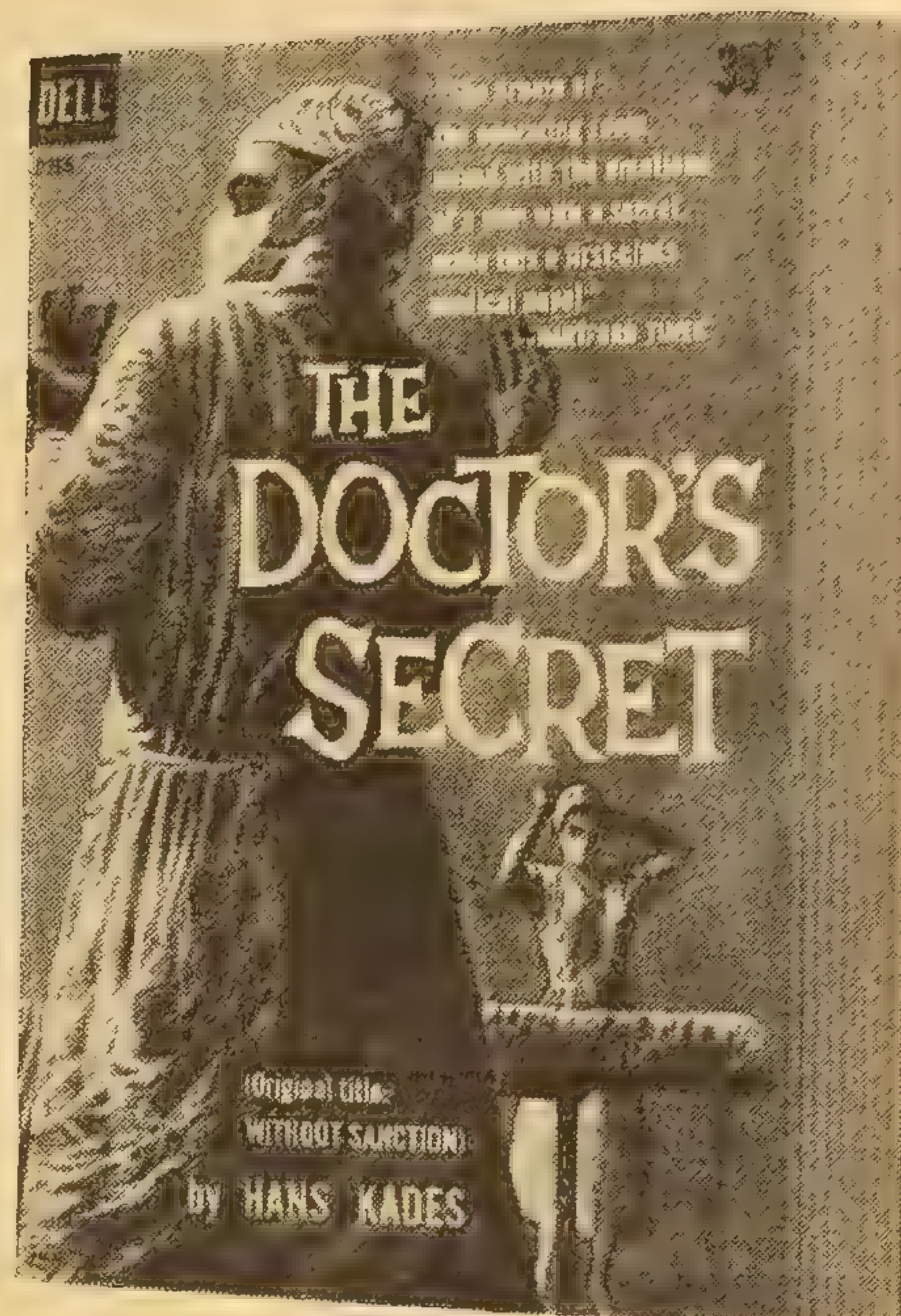
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# **UNDER 21**



You are under 21:

You can't stand passing mirrors . . .

You spend all your money on clothes and they look sick . . .

You pack away malts and scream if a skirt won't zip . . .

Your hair would make a good stand-in for a rag mop . . .

Your skin is anything but sleek, smooth and soft . . .

Your parents treat you like a baby . . .

Your dream-dates don't date you or know you're alive . . .

Life *is* worth living. But just *barely*.

This is a brand new monthly section to discuss and solve those problems that haunt *everyone* who is under 21. *It's for you. It's about you.*

Because you're not the only one. Practically everyone under 21 has the same miserable problems. Even the glamorous types that look so perfect in movies or magazines. They have to sweat it out too. If they're under 21, they worry about the same jazz. If they're out of their teens, they've been through it all. It's best to find out how to get out of the muddle *you* are in. But it really helps to know that you are not the only one who has been that route. Just take a look at a few of the stars who are under 21 . . .

---

continued 



# IF YOU ARE UNDER 21 YOU HAVE A SECRET PROBLEM

It's a pretty safe bet. Something worries you. There's bound to be something. And if you are under 21, it's probably a problem that's shared by all teenagers to some degree. Even movie stars. Some of these tales of woe probably remind you of someone you know quite well: *you*. That's why we are asking you to write letters telling us what bothers you. Each month we plan to spotlight one of your letters. We'll take one that presents a problem that lots of kids dig and we'll really stomp on it. On these two pages, we will present a star who has that very same problem. We'll show you how she tries to solve it. But we won't just take her word. What's our secret weapon? Turn the page.





## Is it weight?

Every girl thinks she's either too fat or too skinny. Not many girls are both. Sandra Dee has been trying to slim down since someone remarked years ago that she had a baby face. She hasn't had a bite of chocolate since she was nine years old. Day after day, she lunches on lettuce sprinkled with vinegar and a couple of hard boiled eggs. Eventually she just lost her liking for richer foods. "I don't like what they say is good for me," she declares. When the 5'4" star hit 85 pounds, doctors put her on a new diet. Now she has to add three egg-enriched malted milks to her regular meals each day, to put weight back on after trimming it off. It's a regular seesaw dieting routine for Sandra. . . .



## Is it sex?

"Men never make passes at girls who wear glasses." That's a pretty old idea and Dolores Hart is convinced that keeping the wolves from the door is a bit more complicated than just slipping on a pair of old horn-rims. "I can't understand girls who give their dates the come-on all evening and then panic when the fellow makes a pass," she declares. Sex creates problems for many teens, but a young actress really has to be on her toes. Dolores feels that deciding what you think is right and wrong is a major problem. You don't want to be left home as a baby, or a prude, or a square. But what do you do. . . .



## Is it unpopularity?

Millie, the mouse, is what she's often called, and with good reason. She's afraid of people, afraid to be with them or to talk to them. Lovely Millie Perkins is so terribly shy that it threatens her ability to enjoy life, dating, and her career. "I become so frightened that I have difficulty opening my mouth," she murmurs. "The words just stick in my throat and I can't get them out!" It's not just radio interviews and television appearances that shatter her. Just trying to chat with a date leaves this shy lass completely shaken. One of New York's top models, one of Hollywood's newest stars, but she is home alone on Saturday nights. . . .



## Is it acne?

Carol Lynley loves to eat. When she's worried, she eats. When she's happy, she eats. When she's sad, she eats. "I guess I'm just a nervous eater," she muses. "All my emotions seem to lead to my stomach!" Carol is confronted with a continual problem because her wild eating splurges show right up in her complexion "if I just look at food." She has a real passion for spaghetti and adores slabs of buttered bread. "When I was younger, I had a terrible time," she says. "My figure was changing, my face was breaking out, I was gaining weight, and I felt everyone was always picking on me." Carol has solved her figure and temper problems. But she still peers anxiously in the mirror and sometimes her poor skin is evidence of her love of rich food. . . .



## Is it parents?

"I'm a big girl now. I want to be treated like a big girl now." It's an old song, but most teenagers are still singing it and meaning it. Parents have a way of being a problem when you are under 21, and Connie Francis' folks take the cake. "Nice girls don't go out with boys," her father used to declare. "You're our little girl, always, our little girl." It wasn't just dating and trying to get her parents to let her grow up. There was also her mother's excellent cooking that tempted 103 pound Connie up to a whopping 138 pounds when she was 14. She finally started dating but she still hasn't convinced her parents that she isn't a baby anymore. It's a real problem to be accepted as "a big girl now". . . .

**If you are under 21, your problem probably seems shattering. You may be afraid to even talk about it. You may be ready to give up. But this new section is for you; here's your chance. . . .**



# IF YOU ARE UNDER 21 JUST SHOUT FOR HELP

When you write to us about a problem, we really plan to give it the works. We'll find out all about it, what makes it tick, how to conquer it, how to hide it. And we'll find out from the real authorities. The people whose job it is to solve those same problems for the stars. We'll report what they advise actresses *and you* to do to smash that problem. We have them all represented on our advisory board, just waiting to help you help yourself out of that rut. But we don't want to just dig up some problems and waste time on stuff that you don't care about or already know. This section is for the things that *you really want* to hear about. So it's up to you to tell us. Complexion, diet, fashions, hairdos, parent trouble, dating, popularity. . . . What are the things that bug you right now? Let your hair down. Don't be shy. We'll withhold your name if you want. But this is *your* section, a place for you to come with your problems and talk them over with real authorities. They're ready and willing but now it's up to you. Write your letters to:

**Under 21  
Modern Screen  
750 Third Avenue  
New York 17, N. Y.**

We'll try to find the answers for you. Answers *about you*. And your favorite stars. Answers from experts who really know their stuff. We'll try to make it great to pass a mirror. Great to be a teenager. And life really will be worth living. Even while you are under 21. It *can* be.



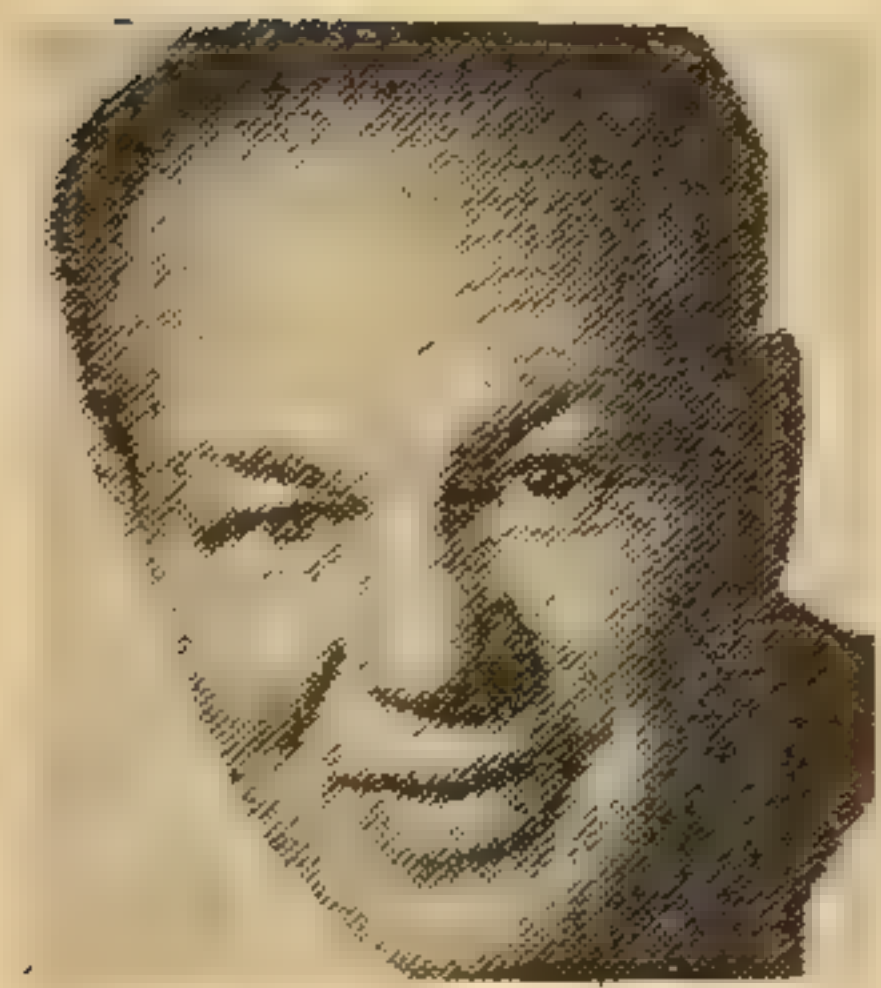
Edith Head



Helen Hunt



Frankie Van



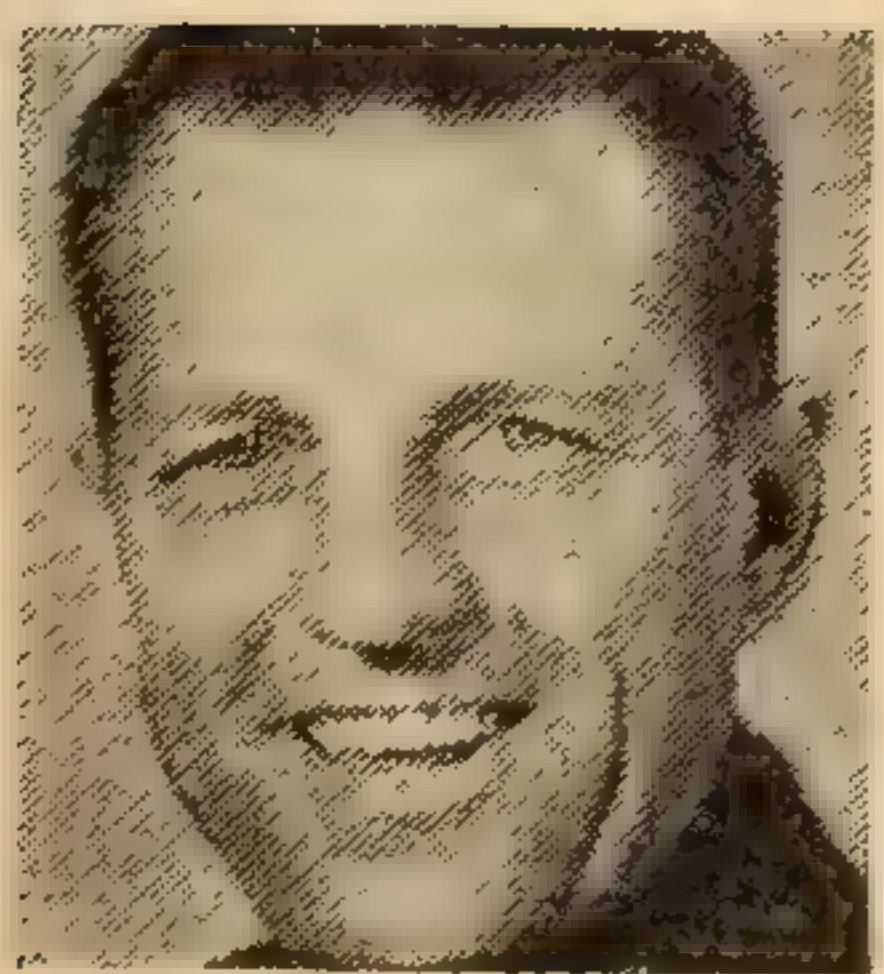
Pauline Kessinger



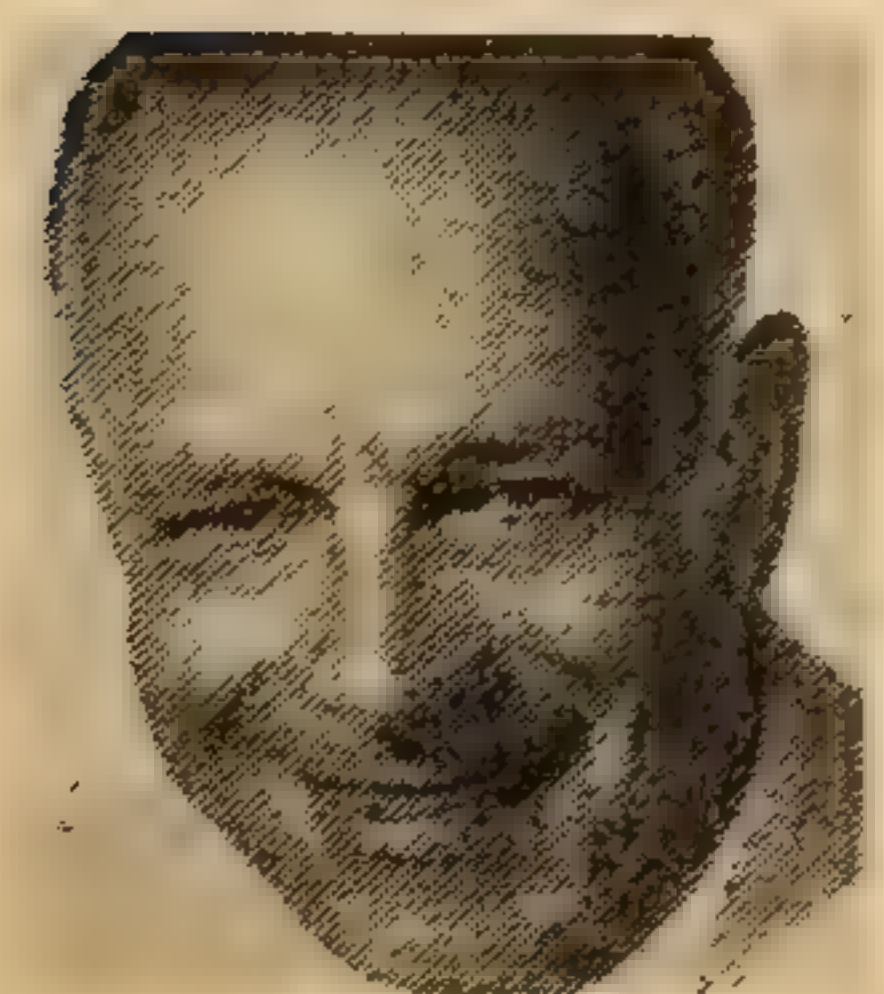
Gordon Bau



Pat McNalley



Ben Bard



All right. So movie stars have problems. If they're under 21, they're too fat or too skinny or too shy or too something. . . . Now the big question is that since they have the same gripes that *you* have, how do they manage to have all that charm and glamour that you would *like* to have? But don't.

If you want to know how it's done, then the outstanding authorities who are the members of Under 21's advisory board are the best people in the world to ask. They're the ones that have the answers. Because they're the ones that provide the answers for the stars. And they're willing to do the same for *you*.

If your problem has anything to do with **clothes**, then Edith Head is the one to ask. Head costume designer for Paramount Studio, she has designed clothes for some of Hollywood's greatest actresses and is one of the world's leading fashion experts. The proof is found in her six Academy Awards for costume design and eight additional nominations. If you just can't do a thing with your **hair**, then Helen Hunt can help you. Miss Hunt is the outstanding woman hair stylist in the motion picture industry. As head stylist for Columbia Pictures, she has won many top awards and originated styles worn by teenagers as well as movie stars.

If you diet and diet but no matter what you do, you still just lose weight in all the wrong places, then you need advice from Frankie Van. Van is **figure** consultant for Universal-International Studios and for more than 20 years has helped actresses look their best. But if you really want a few tips on **dieting**, check with Pauline Kessinger. Commissary director for Paramount Studios, Miss Kessinger regulates special diets used by stars to gain weight, lose weight, or just stay healthy.

Perhaps your real problem is **makeup**. You want to look your best and you've tried tons of things, but all you ever look is made up. Then you need a few words with Gordon Bau, head of the makeup department at Warner Brothers Studios. Bau thinks everyone can and should aid nature but the danger is in using too much aid and not enough nature. Or maybe it's your **complexion** that gives you the shudders. If you have the skin you'd love to trade in for an elephant hide, then perhaps Pat McNalley can help you. Head of the makeup department at Walt Disney Productions, McNalley has helped scores of young stars solve the very same problems.

If it's not how you look but how you **act** that is a problem, then the man to ask is Ben Bard. Director of the talent training program at Twentieth Century-Fox, Bard has packed away more than 40 years of experience as an actor, director, and talent teacher. Here's the man who teaches the stars how to walk and talk and act. to just be stars in everything they do. And he, like all the other members of the Under 21 advisory board, isn't keeping it a secret. They are waiting for your letters. They are ready to tell you how it's done. They are anxious to answer all the questions that are asked . . . by you.

**Watch these pages next month.  
You may be in them!**



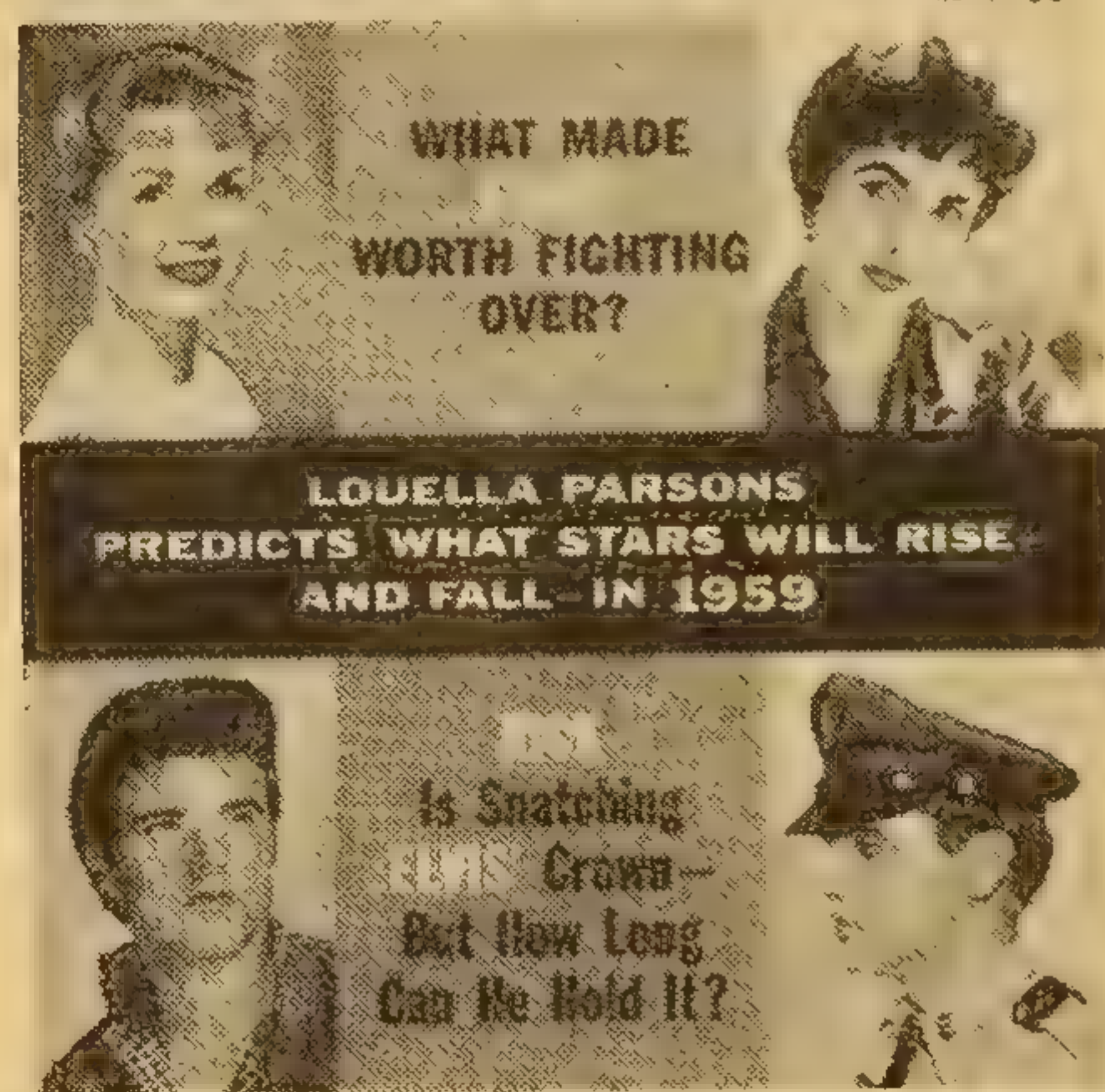
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What a Lineup!*

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## I Was Betrayed

(Continued from page 45)

dial a number. "This is Mrs. Todd," she said. "May I speak to the doctor—quickly please?"

The doctor was on the line a moment later.

"Liza," Liz said, trying hard to control her voice. "It's Liza. She's sick. I just took her temperature. It's a hundred-and-three!"

She closed her eyes as she listened to the doctor say something.

And as the doctor talked, she heard the doorbell ring.

"Yes," she said, "yes, Doctor, now—I'll do that right now."

She hung up and stood frozen for a moment.

The doorbell rang again.

Liz snapped out of her gaze.

"Eddie?" she called out, rushing to the door.

"Milkman, lady," she heard a voice call back.

She opened the door.

It was Eddie, smiling away. "Now about those three quarts you ordered for tomorrow—" he started to say.

But when he saw the terrified look in Liz's eyes, he stopped.

"What's the matter?" he asked, reaching for her hand, still standing in the open doorway.

Liz told him about the baby, about her call to the doctor, about how the doctor had said he wanted the baby brought to the hospital immediately.

"The hospital?" Eddie asked. "Why can't he come here?"

"Because—" Liz said. A sudden gust of wind flew past the house at that moment and a quick splatter of rain slapped against her face. "—Because he says there may not be much time."

Eddie nodded. "Let's take her then," he said, leading Liz inside. As they walked toward the nursery he continued talking. "It's probably nothing to worry about," he said. "All babies get high fevers once in a while. You know that."

But Liz didn't answer.

"We've got to wrap her up well," she said, instead. "Lots of blankets. We've got to keep her warm, Eddie. She mustn't get a draught in the car."

"We'd better hurry!"

They were in the nursery by now. Liz had picked her baby up from the crib and she held her close to her now and began to kiss her little face.

"Liz," Eddie said, "I think we'd better hurry."

He had looked at Liza these last few moments, listened to the terrible way she cried, noticed the way her tiny eyes seemed to bulge from their sockets in unfathomable and helpless pain.

He could see now that the baby was sick, very sick.

And so, again, he said, "I think we'd better hurry."

And so, a few minutes later, they left.

The doctor was already at the hospital when they arrived.

Immediately, he took the baby from Liz's arms and ran his fingers across her chest.

Then he turned to a nurse.

"Set up an oxygen tent," he said.

He began to walk away.

Liz rushed after him and grabbed his arm.

"Doctor," she said, "what's wrong with my baby?"

"I can't be sure yet," the man said, softly. "But I think it's pneumonia, a deep

congestion of the chest," he continued.

"And she'll be all right?" Liz asked.

The doctor hesitated.

"I don't know," he said, finally.

Liz's hand dropped from his arm. "I'd like to stay here with her," she said, her voice suddenly numb, defeated. "I'd like a room here—or a cot in her room."

The doctor shook his head. "That's not allowed in this hospital," he said. "Anyway, the disease is probably contagious and—"

He shrugged.

Then he walked away.

And as he did, Liz turned back to Eddie, still at her side; and her voice still numb, she said, "They think my baby is going to die. Don't they, Eddie? Don't they?"

It was nearly three o'clock the following morning. Liz sat in the empty hospital corridor. Earlier in the evening, she had phoned five or six times to find out about the baby's condition. But always the answer had been the same:

"No change, Mrs. Todd."

"We'll let you know when there is, Mrs. Todd."

"Why don't you get some sleep, Mrs. Todd?"

At two o'clock Liz made up her mind: she would go to the hospital. She wanted to see Liza. She had to see Liza. Liza was her daughter and she had a right to see her.

So she threw on a coat, got into her car and drove to the hospital.

The corridor had been quiet, the recep-

The producer of Eva Gabor's off-Broadway show, *Lulu*, said: "I guess the \$100-a-week salary here is just pin-money for you." Miss Gabor replied: "Not for the kind of pins I use. . . ."

Leonard Lyons  
in the New York Post

tion desk empty when she got there.

Then, a minute later, a young man—obviously an interne—had appeared.

"I'm Mrs. Todd—" Liz started to say.

"I know," the man had said, smiling.

"My baby," Liz said, "—can I see her? For just a few minutes. Please."

The man had been sympathetic. "I'm afraid not," he had said. "I know how you feel. But she's still in an oxygen tent. And it is against orders."

**She just sat there**

"Orders," Liz had repeated, softly, after him. And then she'd looked over at a bench and asked, wearily, "May I stay here for a while, for just a little while?"

"Of course," the young doctor had said, "you just sit and stay for as long as you like."

And so Liz sat there now, alone, in the empty corridor.

And it was about ten minutes later when she saw the two nurses walking toward her. She noticed that they looked at her and then passed her, heading for a small office a few yards from where she sat.

She noticed, too, that one of them made an attempt to close the door behind her, but that the door did not close full way.

And then she heard their voices as they talked.

"Recognize her?" one of them asked.

"Yeah," said the other.

"I feel sorry for the baby," the first one said. "Fever's up to a hundred-and-five now."

"Boy," the other said.

"And she just sits there," the first one



said sarcastically. "Just look at her!" "So what's she going to do?" asked the other.

"I don't know," the first one said. "But I'll tell you one thing. Any other woman I'd feel sorry for, sitting and waiting like that. But this gal—I tell you—she's getting just what she deserves."

"Oh stop it," said the first one.

"I tell you," the other went on, "—even the Bible says it: the sins of the parent will be visited on the child . . . You know what I mean?"

Liz didn't hear the answer to that question.

She didn't hear anything more, except those words one of the nurses had just spoken, those awful words:

*The sins of the parent will be visited on the child.*

For a while, she tried to wipe the words from her brain, hard, like a cleaning woman on her knees pushing desperately at a smudge of relentless dirt.

But it was no good.

For the words kept coming back to her.

*The sins of the parent—*

*—Will be visited on the child . . .*

*The sins—*

*—The child*

*The sins—*

*—The child.*

Suddenly, Liz got up.

She began to walk.

She walked down the empty corridor, slowly, aimlessly, her heart beating heavy inside her.

When she passed a phone booth, at one point, she thought she would hide herself inside it and call Eddie and talk to him—just the way she used to talk to him those nights after Mike had died, when she had needed someone to talk to and when he'd seemed to be the only one she'd wanted to talk to.

#### Alone . . . but for God

But, now, at this moment, though she had no one, though she wanted someone, she decided no. It was late, she knew, and Eddie had sat up most of the night with her before going home to the little hilltop bachelor place he'd moved into after his split with Debbie, and he had an important rehearsal in the morning—and no, no, she couldn't wake him up now, no matter how much she needed him.

And so she continued walking, past the phone booth, past the water fountain there against the wall, past the doors marked *Ear Clinic* and *No Admittance* and *Positively No Admittance*.

And then, finally, she came to the door marked *Chapel*.

And she paused.

For a minute, she simply stood there, looking at the door.

But then she found herself walking towards it and twisting the knob and entering the room.

The room was dark.

Liz lifted her hand and felt the wall for a lightswitch and, finding it, she clicked it. Slowly, it seemed, the tiny room came bathed in soft, warm light.

She closed the door behind her.

And, alone now, completely alone, she began to pray.

"God," she whispered, walking to the front of the room, then kneeling, staring at the plain gold crucifix tacked to the wall across from her, the nurse's words spinning through her brain. "God . . . They say I have sinned. They say I am bad—that I must pay for being bad.

"But God—You are the One who knows, really knows. You are the One who will find me guilty or not when the time comes.

"So God—please—for now—if there is any punishment to be dealt—don't punish my baby; not Liza, my baby, my little girl."

Liz shook her head and the tears began to rush into her eyes.

"She's so little, God . . . She's never hurt anyone . . . She's just a baby."

Again she shook her head.

"Oh, I've suffered, God," she went on, desperately. "—Last March . . . Mike . . . That night in the plane . . . And then he was gone . . . And now—not Liza. Not our daughter."

The tears streamed from her eyes.

She brought her hands together.

And, suddenly, her voice shattering the heavy silence of the holy room, she screamed out:

"Please—I've lost the one person who meant everything to me. Please—don't take our baby away from me, too. . . ."

#### Two terrible weeks

The next two weeks were the most terrible Liz has ever spent. The baby remained in the hospital, in critical condition, strangely allergic to any of the antibiotics she was being given to help her fever—that fever enormously and consistently high. And Liz, meanwhile, remained closeted in her home, always on the phone with the baby's doctor, visited by a few close friends—including, of course, Eddie. Once in a while, someone would suggest to Liz that she and Eddie go out with them, to a movie, or a restaurant, or a nightclub—anything, just so she would get her mind away from her worry. But, always, Liz would say no. "I've got to wait," would be her answer. "I may leave the house. And the phone may ring. And—"

Then she would stop and, her body tensing, she would repeat:

"I've got to wait. I've got to, got to."

The phone did ring, finally, very early that morning exactly two-and-a-half weeks after Liza had been taken to the

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hospital. Liz, half asleep, got up from her bed and answered it.

She sensed, right off, that it was the hospital calling. At first she was afraid. But she knew she must be brave.

"Hello?" she asked, nervously, her fingers clutching to the receiver.

Then she heard the doctor's voice.

"Mrs. Todd?"

Liz could barely answer him.

"Yes—this is Mrs. Todd."

"I have good news," she heard him say.

"You—?" Liz started to say.

"Good news," the doctor said. "Just a little while ago we found a serum the baby can take. Her fever has started to drop . . . It was touch-and-go there for a while—I don't mind telling you that. But your little girl is going to be all right now, Mrs. Todd."

Liz felt her knees go weak, her head begin to spin.

She fell back into a chair.

"All right, you say?" she asked, still not believing it.

"All right," the doctor assured her.

Liz closed her eyes. "Oh thank you, oh thank you . . . thank you, thank you, thank you," she whispered.

Then, after talking a little while longer and hanging up, she continued sitting there, and she thought.

In a few minutes, she thought, she would call Eddie—who'd been suffering through these past weeks with her—and tell him the wonderful news. And then, right after that, she would go down the hall to the room where her sons, Michael and Chris, lay sleeping, and wake them and tell them. To young Chris, especially, who only the other day had said to her: "Mommy, my friend next door told me that Liza is never, ever gonna come home again. Is that true, Mommy?"—to him, now, she could say: "Liza's getting better, 61



**T**HERE'S a theory that has meant a great deal to Sal Mineo ever since he was a kid of ten and scared of the water. The theory is—fear is all in the mind.

Sal hadn't learned to swim then but he liked to tag along with his two older brothers to the beach. He envied his brothers cavorting in the water but he would never set foot in the surf himself without a life preserver.

"Come on Sal," they'd tease him, "throw that safety belt away and we'll teach you how to swim." But Sal always shook his head.

The most daring thing he would do is dive off the raft—with his life preserver tied firmly around him.

One day he dived in—and he didn't know that a loose nail on the raft had punctured his life preserver. He paddled around in blissful ignorance. He noticed he wasn't as buoyant as usual but he didn't worry because he trusted the life belt around him. His brother saw what had happened but decided not to tell Sal for a while. Finally when the kid climbed back on the raft, Mike said, "Well, Sal, congratulations! You're a swimmer at last, and without your old standby."

Sal looked at him as if he were crazy. "What do you mean?"

"I mean you tore it when you dived from the raft. You've been swimming just fine without it. Aren't you glad?"

Sal gulped. He was scared just to think of it. "I'm going home," he said. "I've had enough for today."

Mike held his arm.

He gave it to his kid brother straight.

"No, Sal. You've proved you can swim without a prop so you don't have to be scared any more. Don't go home without going into the water again. If you do, you'll never get up enough courage to try it again. What you have to do is jump in, right this minute."

"Not me!"

Mike made up his mind for him—he pushed his brother in. And once in the water, Sal swam without any support and without any fear. . . .

Since that day, he's been an excellent swimmer.

"It just goes to prove," Sal says now, "that fear is all in the mind!"

**sal  
takes  
a  
plunge**

darling, and she will be back with us soon!"

Liz was never more radiant than the day she went to the hospital to bring her baby home.

Before going upstairs to get the baby, she stepped into the doctor's office for a moment. There, she listened as the doctor discussed medicines Liz would need, details of the care she would have to receive, and the fact that because the baby was not completely well and that what remained of her sickness could still be labeled *contagious* she would have to be isolated from Liz and the boys.

"You mean I can't keep her with me?"

The doctor shook his head. "For a month, at least, I want her kept with a nurse in separate quarters," he said. "Do you have a guest cottage on your grounds?"

"No," Liz said.

"Then I suggest a room at the far end of the house, away from the boys."

Liz nodded. Almost meekly, she asked, "But can I get to see her at all?"

"I think it would be all right, for a little while every day," the doctor said.

He smiled.

"Want to come get your daughter now?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, getting up, too, "oh yes."

"Then what are we waiting for?" the doctor asked, taking her by the hand now and leading her out of the office. . . .

What happened next can best be described by a nurse who had taken care of little Liza most of these past three weeks and who accompanied Liz and the doctor to the baby's room now.

"Before this particular morning," the nurse has said, "Miss Taylor had only been allowed to see her daughter through a glass partition. But now that she was able to go into the room—well, I thought she was going to fly through the door before we even had a chance to open it. And it was really something to see—how she rushed right over to the crib where the baby lay and scooped her up in her arms, how she called out 'Liza!' over and over again, laughing and hugging the baby and covering her with kisses . . . how the baby began to laugh, too, and say 'Ma-ma, Ma-ma, Ma-ma,' how the two of them, together like that—well, it was *really* something to see."

#### Tears of thanks

"For the next few minutes, after they greeted each other, I helped Miss Taylor dress the baby."

"Then, when it was time for them to go, Miss Taylor walked over to where the doctor was standing and she kissed him."

"I'll never forget what you've done for us," she said.

"She turned to me next."

"I'll never forget," she said, walking over and kissing me, too.

"It's been a pleasure, believe me, to see the baby make such wonderful improvement this past week," I said. "And it's been a pleasure, too, just being with her," I said, "because she's such a good baby and such a beautiful baby."

"Thank you," Miss Taylor said.

"Then she looked down at her daughter, nestled in her arms."

"Her daddy would be very proud of her right now, wouldn't he?" she said.

Then she stopped.

"And I noticed that she had begun to cry a little as she said that."

"So, for the next minute or two, we just stood there, looking at the baby."

"And then, her head still bowed, she whispered good-bye and left for home—just her and the baby she was hugging so hard. . . ."

END

Liz' next picture will be *TWO FOR THE SEESAW* for United Artists.



## Was I a Fool?

(Continued from page 29)

so many things—the rapturous moments, and the saltiness of tears, and many moments of laughter. “You’re my girl,” you’d say to me wistfully. “Will you still be my girl while I’m away?”

And I’d answered, “Of course, Elvis. I’ve never known anyone like you.” And you said, “And I’ve never known anyone like you, baby.”

Now you’re more than 3,000 miles away. Or is it 6,000? I was never very good at figures. But when I saw the stories about you and the beautiful German girls—*fräuleins* they called them—who had fallen for you, I trembled with fear. So many American soldier boys, I know, had married foreign girls while they were overseas. And later when they were asked what those foreign girls had that the American girls didn’t, they said frankly, “Nothing, but they were close at hand. . . .”

Elvis, I’m scared. I’m afraid, like the day I picked up a paper and saw a picture of you and one of those *fräuleins*—especially that picture of you kissing one named Margit, your face lighting up with that boyish grin. That made my heart turn somersaults. The mere thought of you still makes my heart pound fast. When a girl falls in love with a boy like you, Elvis, the feeling is suffocating. But for you, my darling, caught up in a new world, will the memory of our kisses and our unfinished love story be enough. . . ?

I never realized how susceptible I could be till the day I met you, darling. I’d met so many boys; so many have asked me for dates; so many have told me that I was pretty. And of course, I’d gone out with many boys before I met you. But there was something we captured together that I’ve never known before or since. Were those stars we saw? Was it the thunder of love that roared in my ears? Why did the moon seem closer to earth when you were with me? Why did I feel such a pang of anguish whenever you suffered for even a moment, darling?

Our romance began in such a gay, happy fashion. Remember that evening in Las Vegas last September? I’ll never forget it. I was singing in the chorus of the *Tropicana* then—just one of many girls in the line.

And on that evening when I was to meet you I was with a boy friend in the lounge. Then you walked in, and an electric current went through my back.

It takes a lot to attract attention in Las Vegas. The town’s so used to the most fabulous people in the world. But there you were, in a maroon suit, flanked by five boys in black suits, and everyone’s eyes suddenly turned away from the gambling machines, the gaming tables, the girls in their bright evening gowns, and fastened on you. Everyone looked at you.

All the eighteen girls in our show had gathered around you. They had all made a dash to your side and were fussing over you.

### You winked back!

I wanted so much to be one of them. I’d admired you ever since I was a senior at Marymount Academy near my home in Pearl River, New York . . . when I thought you sang with feeling and soul.

Although I wanted to attract your attention, I was too proud to rush into that mob of girls and compete with them for one look from you. So first I put on my special aloof look. It was such a contrast to the gushiness of the other girls swarming around you, that your face lit up and you

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looked right into my eyes. Then I turned around and slowly winked at you. And you winked back!

A moment later, one of your five boys came over to me and grabbed me by the arm. “Elvis wants to meet you,” he said.

I was thrilled, but I didn’t want to show it, so I answered coolly: “Give him this message: *Speak for yourself, John Alden.*”

Out of the corner I watched him run back and give you my message. I saw you laugh. Then you got up and sauntered up to me.

“I hear your name is Kitty,” you said in that husky voice of yours with the Southern drawl. “That’s a pretty name. And you’re a beautiful girl. I noticed you on the stage. I told myself, ‘I’ve got to meet that black-haired, green-eyed doll.’ And here we are. I’d like to see you, Kitty. Can we make it tomorrow?”

I’d always believed that a girl mustn’t be too easy to date if she wants to attract someone special. But I couldn’t say “No.” I compromised. “Tomorrow afternoon,” I said.

The next afternoon I was ready for you. I’d spent an hour doing my hair, making up my eyes so that they’d look even greener, and putting on black slacks and a white sweater that showed off my figure. I heard a loud whizzing sound outside my apartment, and there you were on a motorbike, so handsome in a white suit and a white leather jacket that I just about flipped. You told me later that you flipped, too, when you saw me.

Remember how we rode up and down the Strip in Vegas, and through the side roads, howling with laughter and singing? You were like a boisterous child, and my heart sang with you.

We pulled up to the Sahara Hotel, and you rode your motorbike right onto the grass beside the pool, making everyone

jump and stare. You wanted to show everyone in Vegas your motorbike, and you did. All the time you were singing—songs like *Autumn Leaves* and *I Believe*. I didn’t know why you were singing about autumn leaves, but I knew why you were singing that wonderful song, *I Believe*. It was the expression of your faith in God and the universe. I felt a catch at my throat as you sang.

What wonderful days and nights followed for us! We saw all the shows, staying up all night to go from one place to another. For the ten days you were in Vegas we were together constantly.

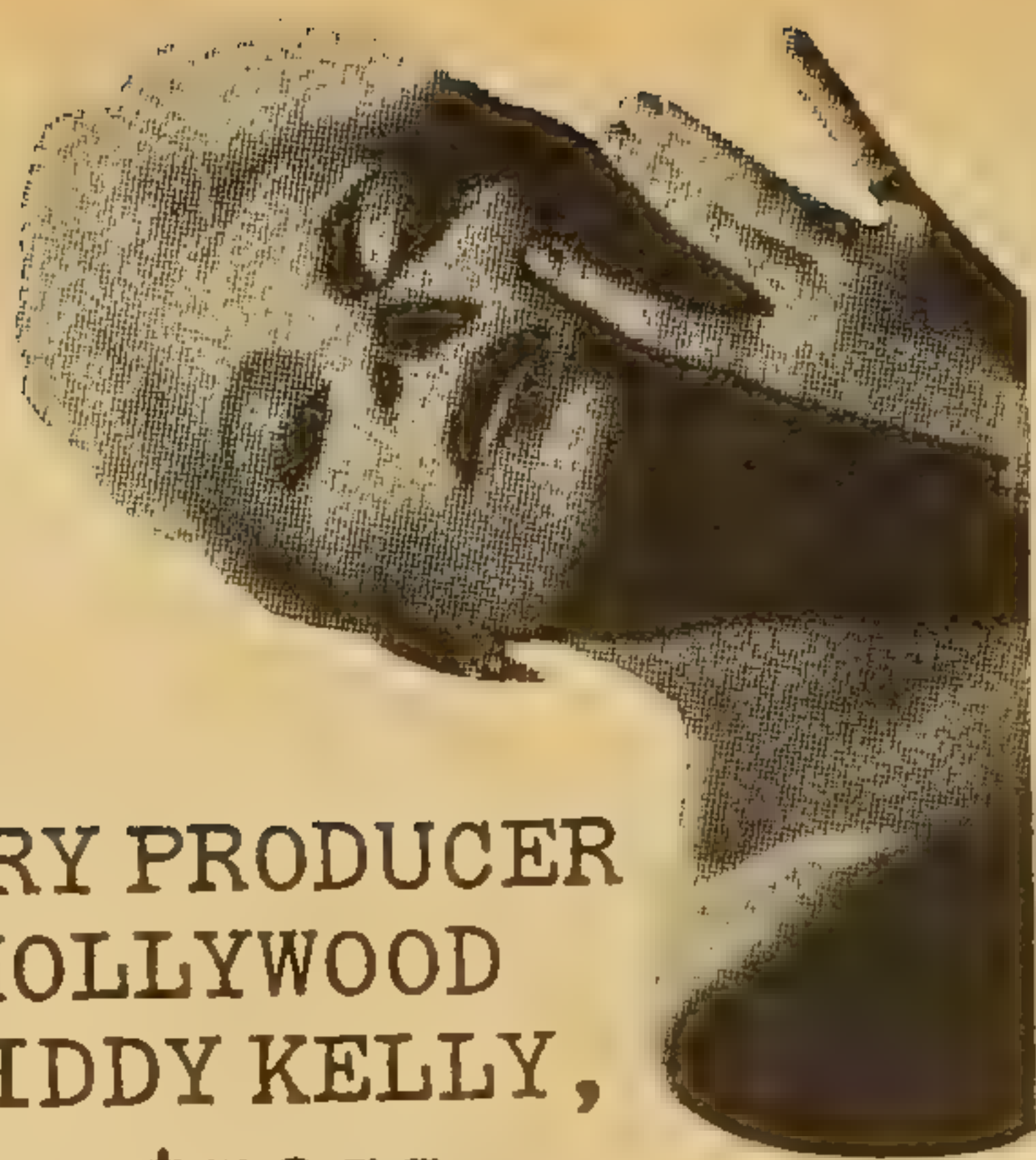
You didn’t care to dance, so when we went night-clubbing you’d sit through the shows, applaud the other performers and tell me how lucky you felt to have so many fans when there was such great talent everywhere.

### You were so tender

I felt so close to you, darling—getting to know you better than any other girl had, you’d say. We’d have breakfast, lunch and dinner together. Remember how I kidded you because you’d have the same meal three times a day—bacon sandwiches and Cokes. Mostly, we ate in your apartment. Even when we had a little party, we’d have no hard liquor, only Cokes. You were so very tender with me, darling, so different from any other boy I’d known. You were always polite and soft-spoken, and you never acted conceited. In fact, I was surprised to discover how shy you were. You never talked much, and you needed to be reassured of my love over and over again when you took me in your arms and kissed my lips or the back of my neck.

I used to think, “Can’t you see, darling, what your kisses are doing to me?” Your gentleness was almost unbelievable. The better I got to know you, the more I knew 63





TO: EVERY PRODUCER  
IN HOLLYWOOD  
FROM: KIDDY KELLY,  
actress  
RE: A PROPER JOB

Dear Sirs:

Look at me. (My photo accompanies this letter, which MODERN SCREEN is kindly printing.) Yes, look and tell me what you see. And please don't say 'a dish.'

I'm tired of being compared to meat-and-potatoes, of having my body get in the way of my career, of dumb-blond roles.

What I want to do now is—serious drama. Seriously!

I know, I helped spoil it for myself a few years back when I applied for one of my first TV jobs. This play was Cervantes' *Don Quixote* and the casting man said, "Mmmmm, you might be just right for Dulcinea."

"Who?" I asked, not having read the book at the time.

"Dulcinea del Taboso," the casting man said.

Well, as luck would have it, I thought he said "del Tabasco."

And so I said, "Tabasco? Are you kidding? I'm not doing commercials for a ketchup outfit!"

Well, that started it all.

To the world of drama I became a name and three numerals (37-21-36).

But now I think it's about time to add one more numeral to those measurements—my IQ count.

You see, I've been doing a lot of reading since those *Don Quixote* days. And this is what I've learned:

There is no reason on earth why a sexy-looking actress can't play deep parts!

I mean, don't you think that Romeo—always looking up at that balcony—ever looked down at Juliet's hips?

And how about those sexy gals in the old Greek tragedies?

Well, that's my plea.

I rest my case.

And I look forward to hearing from you—anon?

Culturally yours,  
KIDDY KELLY

how well worth loving you really was. "You have a crazy smile," I used to tell you.

"Crazy? What do you mean, baby doll?" you'd answer.

"Oh—just crazy," I'd laugh.

And you'd cup my face and look seriously into my eyes and say, "Is this crazy, too?" and you'd put your lips on mine.

You took me with you everywhere, Elvis, even when you went to buy a new suit. You said you wanted me to help you pick one out. But you attracted such a crowd that we couldn't remain in the store, so you grabbed me by the hand and we ran out by a side door.

When our wonderful days in Vegas were over and you left for Hollywood, I wondered if our romance would continue. It was one thing to be your girl in Vegas, but in Hollywood where there were so many beautiful starlets, would I still be your Number One girl? I wondered. Then I learned that you were going to Hawaii. My heart sank. There are so many beautiful girls there, and there's also a magical moon in Hawaii. I was afraid you would soon forget me.

One day my phone rang, and you were on the other end, saying, "Hi, know who this is?" I did but I pretended I didn't. I said, "I know lots of boys with Southern accents."

You laughed—and I loved the sound of your laughter. "Baby doll, you wouldn't fool me, would you?" you said. And you told me you were back in Hollywood and asked when you could see me.

I was coming into Hollywood anyway, to make a test at 20th Century-Fox. We made a date to meet in your suite at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel.

When you opened the door, you grabbed me and kissed me and I knew then that you had thought of me in the same way I had thought of you.

I wondered if you would think I was plain. In Las Vegas I had worn lots of stage make-up, since I had to be ready each night for the show. Now my face, in comparison, was almost innocent of make-up.

I shivered a little, fearing that when you took another look at me you would be disillusioned. Perhaps you were attracted to me because I looked more showy and glamorous then.

Instead you said, "Honey doll, it's good to see you without all that stuff and goo on your face. You look even prettier than ever."

#### A shining knight

You had a beautiful suite at the Beverly Wilshire, filled with antiques and a dining room that had a round, impressive dining table. You sent down for dinner. Then you sat at the head of the table, I next to you, and your boys all around us.

I had to giggle at the sight of you so completely surrounded by your retinue. "If this doesn't look like the Knights of the Round Table," I laughed. You threw your head back and roared. I tried to imagine each member of your bodyguard in a role as one of the knights. At this point my imagination almost failed.

I giggled again. For on your fine china plate, on the elegant dining table the *pièce de resistance* was—a bacon sandwich!

But in a moment I was transported into thinking maybe I was just like a queen. For you said, "I missed you and thought about you all the time since I left Vegas."

You told me that you had to be in bed by ten that night, for you had to be on the set early for *King Creole*. You played some of the tape from the picture and I sat by you on the sofa, listening to your voice singing the songs from that picture. I thought of the girl you'd be singing them

to in the picture and my eyes might have turned even greener with envy, but your arms were around me. You were very affectionate. Remember? You teased me playfully, tugged at my hair and nibbled my ear. Each time you touched me, I felt the same electric tingle I'd known the first time I saw you walk into the lounge in Las Vegas.

#### A make-believe romance

The next night I came again, and together we read your scenes for the next day. It was a love scene and secretly I thrilled to every moment of it, but suddenly you roared with laughter because we were so serious about acting out that make-believe romance. That broke us both up and we sank on the sofa, laughing. How satisfying it was, though, in between the wild laughter, to be in the magic circle of your arms, pretending I was there only because I wanted to cue you on your lines.

And you knew and I knew that it was a real emotion and not just an acting one that we were going through. It was wonderful to know that every time you touched me it was not just because the script called for the gesture, but because your heart and mine called for it.

You said you wanted me with you on the set, and I was there, from early in the morning until late, watching you before the cameras, having lunch with you, going home with you. Then one night you took me to the Moulin Rouge. Sammy Davis, Jr., was the star, and he did a great take-off on you. And who laughed the loudest? You did, darling. You have always been such a good sport.

Perhaps I should have had an inkling then that your love would be hard to hold on to, for all evening long girls came to the table asking for autographs, looking at you, ogling you with eyes that were as warm as a caress. I told myself fiercely that I was your girl—that none of the others were, but I wondered how long I could hold on to a man so desired by so many.

The longer I knew you, the more I loved you, for I saw more and more of your great qualities. Often you talked of your mother, whom you adored. And I thought, *How wonderful it would be if he would propose some day. A man who is so good to his mother would just naturally be a wonderful husband.*

One day when I had a date with you, Elvis, I noticed that you looked very troubled.

"What's the matter, darling?" I asked.

You told me that you were going into the Army soon. You knew it was your duty and you weren't complaining about that, but you wondered if your fans would still be as devoted. "Will the kids forget about me?" you asked in a troubled voice. "There are so many other guys around now—Tommy Sands, Ricky, Gary Crosby. I'm worried. . . ."

"But there's no one like you, darling," I said—and I meant it. "No one who has ever known you—even on the screen—can ever forget you."

And I thought to myself: "And to one who has known the reality of you—your warm arms, your thrilling lips, your wonderful faith and kindness—the memory of you will always be even more unforgettable."

I knew in that moment that not only would I never forget you but that also I would never in the future be able to recapture with anyone else the feeling of touching the stars that I had when I was with you.

#### Love—long distance

You were at Fort Hood, in Killeen, Texas, when next I heard from you. You





had called me on the phone long distance.

How happy I was to hear your voice! I'd read in the papers that you'd seen Anita Wood at the Base, and I couldn't help feeling envious and fearful. *Did she mean more to you than I did*, I wondered?

"I wish you were here with me in Texas," you said.

"Do you really mean it?" I asked. "Wouldn't it be embarrassing to you? After all, I read that Anita Wood came to visit you."

You said, "You know, baby doll, if any girl means anything to me it's you. No other girl understands me the way you do."

There were other calls. I remember them so well, as though I can hear them now even though you're so far away. They'd go like this:

"Hello, sugar . . . know this voice?"

And I'd say, my heart leaping: "Only one boy talks like that."

You'd laugh and twit me: "You're sure that of all the boys you know with Southern accents, this voice belongs to just one?"

"Yes, I know your voice, honey. But Elvis, why are you calling me? I read you were engaged to Anita."

"That's nonsense," you said. "Honey, that's not so at all. You're very special to me. I love you, baby doll. . . ."

One day your voice over the phone sounded very unhappy.

"Mom is ill," you said. "Mom and Dad are living here with me. I rented a home outside the Army base and we're all living here together. Mom may need an operation, and she's leaving for home today. Dad's going with her. I feel so helpless. All I can do is pray."

"I'll pray for her, too," I promised. "I'll count every bead on my rosary and pray to the Virgin Mary, Mother of God, for her."

"Thank you," you said. "I hope God will answer our prayers. She's so wonderful. I hope He won't let her die now, when I can do so much for her."

You promised to phone me soon, but you didn't. I was worried. Days passed; then a week end, and still no phone call. I had to fly home for my parents' thirtieth wedding anniversary. I was disturbed all the day—you hadn't phoned.

In New York, we were so busy celebrating I didn't even glance at the papers, and didn't listen to the radio.

Friday night, we were all together for a family group picture when my mother said, "It's too bad about Elvis' mother."

I was aghast. "What happened?" I asked.

"Didn't you know? She died last night. Elvis was by her side."

I had never met your mother, but you had often talked to me about her. You had told me then, "My Mother will like you—some day when I came to Texas. You'd told me then. "My mother will like you—because I do."

Now I knew that I'd never see her. And I knew what agony of unhappiness you must be going through. I ran to the phone and tried to call you, but I couldn't get your number. I sent a telegram to Memphis.

ELVIS DARLING: JUST HEARD THIS MINUTE ABOUT THE DEATH OF YOUR MOTHER. DARLING, IT'S HARD TO KNOW WHAT TO SAY AT A TIME LIKE THIS. MY MASS AND COMMUNION THIS SUNDAY WILL BE OFFERED IN HER BEHALF. IF YOU WISH, PLEASE CALL ME AT PEARL RIVER, BUT I'LL UNDERSTAND IF YOU DON'T. LOVE, KITTY.

#### No word from you

It was easy enough to say that I'd understand, and I meant it when I wired it, but when days passed without any word from you I grew upset.

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**DRAW LINCOLN'S HEAD 5**  
inches high. Use pencil. Drawings for March 1959 contest must be received by March 31. None returned. Winner notified. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Mail drawing today.

Was our unfinished romance finished?

No call came. I flew back to Hollywood, and the moment I got into my apartment I heard the phone ringing.

"Where've you been?" I heard your voice say.

I was shocked to learn you hadn't received my wire to Memphis. Back at your Army base, you were taking your mother's death very hard.

"I'll be leaving with my Army unit in a few days," you said. "Won't you come to Texas and be with me for the little time I have left?"

"Yes, darling," I said. And I caught the next plane to Dallas. You were on duty, but your father and cousin Gene met me at the airport.

"So you're Elvis' girl," said your father, and my heart swelled with pride and happiness. We walked into your house and I met your grandmother—kindly-faced and dear. She looked me over with approval. "You must be Kitty," she said. "Make yourself at home. Anything I can do for you just let me know. We're so happy to have you here. My boy will be awfully glad to see you."

I remembered what you'd once told me: "My mother will love you because I do." And now with your mother gone, your grandma had welcomed me warmly because of you, and she felt I could bring some happiness and comfort to you. With the greatest kindness, she showed me to the master bedroom where I was to sleep. "Elvis will sleep in his daddy's room."

Later you took me into your arms; then we went into the living room and talked. With your Army crew cut you looked like a little boy. And when you began to talk of your mother, there was the heartbreak of a lost child in your voice.

**You unburdened yourself**  
Somehow, you felt like talking that evening. Usually, you don't say much, but as we sat beside each other and you held my hand, you talked on and on, as though you were unburdening yourself. You told me how you'd been at the Army camp when you got a call from the doctors in Memphis that your mom was very sick.

At first, your Army superiors weren't

going to give you leave. You talked to them earnestly, reminding them that you had done KP and everything you'd been asked to do. And you'd told them hysterically, "My mother needs me. And I'm gonna go off to see her whether you give me leave or not!"

You told me how you rushed to see her at the Memphis hospital. Knowing how racked by illness your mother's body was, your father wanted to direct your attention to something beside her wasted form.

"Look at her eyes," he suggested. And you did. Her eyes had lit up when she saw you, and it was that look of ecstasy your father wanted you to see. He wanted you to know that you'd brought peace and happiness to your mother in those final hours. Your mother whispered, "Son, you're with me, Thank God!"

Still, you didn't think she'd die. You stayed at her bedside for hours. She looked more peaceful, and you thought perhaps she was going to get well, particularly when the doctor said, "Go home, son, and get some sleep."

Reluctantly you went. In the middle of the night your phone rang. Something ominous in the sound of that ringing warned you that the bell had tolled for someone. In the dark you sat up. You were afraid to answer that phone. But you had to. It was the nurse. "Mr. Presley, you'd better come up here right away. . . ."

You threw on a shirt and slacks and drove there. You ran up five flights of stairs to get to her side. From the other end of the corridor you heard a scream of anguish from your father, and you ran to him. He said, "You're too late, son."

When you told me about it, you looked like a child who has lost everything. I put my arms around you and tried to console you.

#### The tenderest night of all

Then you saw I was crying, too. You unfolded me in your arms and said, "I have never known any girl as tender and sweet as you. I know now how you feel about me. You know how I feel about you, don't you?"

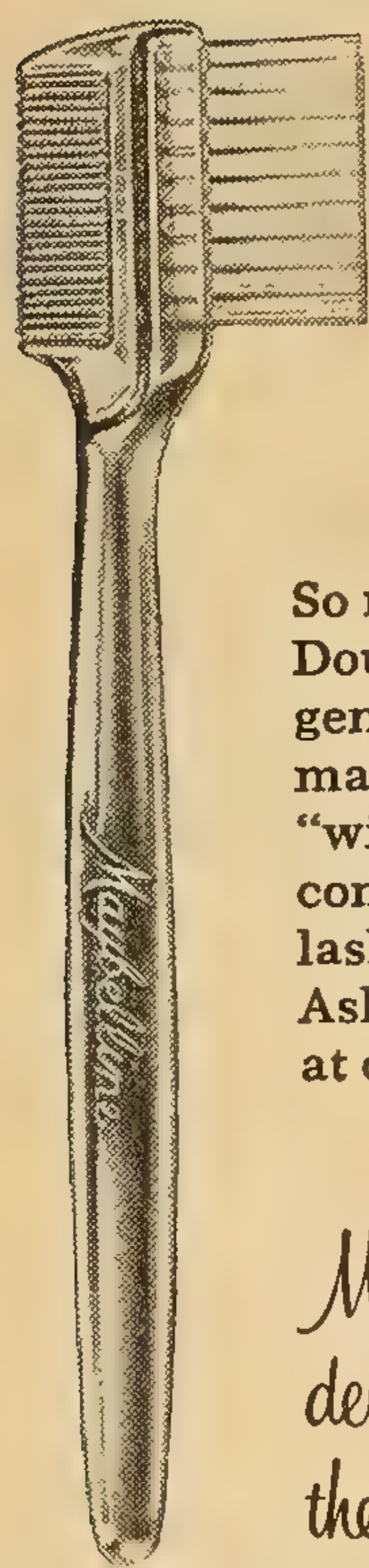
Later, we went outside on the porch, and hundreds of girls were screaming near 65



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the house. I said, "Elvis, even here your public is waiting."

You answered slowly, "I was so afraid that they would forget me, but now it doesn't seem to matter whether they forget or not. Now all I can think of is my mother—and how I'll never be able to do anything for her again."

"You did all you could, honey," I said. "She'd want you to forget your grief, and to make the most of your life."

That was the tenderest night of all, darling. Later you said, "It no longer matters who else remembers me and who forgets, but will you remember me, Kitty darling?"

"I'll never forget," I vowed.

And you said you'd never forget me. If

possible, we promised each other, we'd meet again in Europe in the Spring. I will be in Madrid with a show. "We'll meet in Paris," we promised. And I can't wait. . . .

Do you still love me, Elvis? You always said you never were one to write letters. And Germany is very far away, so I listen in vain for the sound of your voice.

The memory of the stars we touched and the love we felt is always in my heart. Is it in yours? They—those European girls—are so close, and I'm so far away. But Elvis darling, try to remember—try to keep me in your heart as I have kept you in mine.

All my love,

Kitty

END

## The Night Was Filled with Memories

(Continued from page 23)

The Prince wore a very dark suit, white shirt and white silk tie. The hostess was wearing a blue-and-silver lamé dress and over it, a matching cape. It was warm in the room and the Prince made a gesture as if to remove the cape. But she shied away and put her hands up on her shoulders as if to prevent it. The Prince laughed and said, "I'm always trying to do something like that."

The first section of the Harwyn Club contains the bar, and in the second room there are tables for dining, a small bandstand and a small dance floor. Grace and Rainier spotted their friend Charles Boyer having some beer at the bar and went over and shook hands cordially. There was no formality; the Prince was relaxed and casual. This was a rare occasion when he could be himself and not worry about the prying eyes of the press and the public.

After a few minutes Grace left the two men and went around chatting with some of the other guests. The Prince seemed to have eyes only for his wife. Even across the crowded room, their eyes would meet and they would smile. This trip to America was a sort of second honeymoon for them.

Soon the party adjourned to the next room for dancing.

The host couple and the guests of honor sat together. A spectacular centerpiece adorned their corner table: a champagne glass, about ten inches tall, filled with white and red roses—the colors of Monaco—and rising from the fountain of flowers was a spire-shaped Christmas tree ornament. The other tables were decorated with smaller versions.

Charles Boyer sat at the next table. He had brought his beer with him from the bar, but when the waiters brought the champagne to the head table, he left it unfinished and joined the Prince and Princess. Soon he and the Prince were deep in conversation, both in French and in English.

### An old married couple

It was observed that the young royal couple acted at times like an old married couple. One of the times was when Charles Boyer asked the Prince if he might see some pictures of the royal children. Rainier put his right cheek tenderly on the shoulder of his wife and leaned down, reaching for the wallet in his left pocket. Then he sat up again, took the snapshots from the wallet and delightedly showed off his Caroline and Albert.

When Cyril Ritchard came over to their table, Grace whispered to him, "I bought the Prince a lovely present for Christmas

but I'm not going to tell anyone what it is; I don't want to spoil the surprise."

Everyone wanted to come over to the table and reminisce with the visitors. Rita Gam (now married to Thomas Ginsberg, the publisher) had been one of Grace's bridesmaids. Grace kissed her hello and they had a long chat about old times and new babies. Grace admired the choker Rita was wearing in a criss-cross fashion.

Grace's two sisters were there, and the three strikingly beautiful young women looked enough alike to be triplets. Sister Mrs. Donald Levine was wearing a green sheath dress, and Mrs. George Davis, Grace laughingly noticed, looked more like 'a country girl' in the checked dress she was wearing than Grace herself had looked when she played in the film of that title.

When actor Raymond Massey joined their table, he immediately became the center of attraction. He had grown a beard for his Broadway play, *J. B.* Everyone was fascinated by it and wanted to stroke it. Grace and her husband teased Massey about it—Grace adding, "It's adorable." The Prince put his head on her shoulder and asked playfully, "Would you like me to grow one for you, darling?"

### A tender memory

Behind the bandstand was a large crest, in honor of the Prince. When the music was slow and dreamy, the royal couple got up to dance. They'd look deep into each other's eyes, smiling, remembering, reliving the days of their engagement, when the Harwyn had been 'their Club.'

But when the band struck up a mambo, a merengue or a cha cha, the Prince preferred to sit that one out.

By 3:30 in the morning about eight people were still partying. Grace and Rainier had moved over to another table with the General and Miss Landis, the bodyguard Frank Cressci and Mrs. Cressci, and an Italian silk merchant named Mario Inzani. The orchestra played a special number for the Prince and Princess, 'their song,' *Your Eyes Are the Eyes of a Woman In Love*. They had loved this song from the first days of their romance.

Eventually everyone agreed that it was time at last to go home, but no one seemed ready to be the first to leave. Finally, the Prince and Mario Inzani got up, and the group walked toward the checkroom. Rainier picked up his light raincoat and his wife's silver grey fur wrap and helped her on with it.

The movie queen who had become a real-life Princess smiled a sleepy smile at her Prince. It was the end of a wonderful evening, a night filled with memories.

END



# How I Got My Man at 15

(Continued from page 32)

me, tall, awkward, too shy to open her mouth. . . .

But in those first days at A. B. Davis High, it was different. As I scampered around to my new classes trying to get my bearings, I noticed him and, for the first time, he noticed me. I first felt his eyes on me as I rushed to gym, clad in middy and bloomers. As I said, I was tall—"leggy" was the word I'd always hated—especially since the boys always seemed to like the cute little-girl type. But now, as I caught Dick eyeing me in the hall, I nearly stopped dead in my tracks. For his glance wasn't anything but admiring! "You must be imagining things," I told myself and forced myself to go on without another look back.

But in Latin class, there he was! I was assigned to the last seat in the first row. And who do you think was in the last seat of the fourth row? You guessed it! By moving just a little bit forward or leaning back just a trifle, Dick was able to by-pass the two kids between us and signal with those nice, frank brown eyes and friendly smile the things every girl needs to hear at fifteen: *Hi, friend! I'm glad you're here!*

I dropped my own eyes to my book. Silly, I told myself, angrily. How could he be signalling that to me, a shy lanky kid. He went for small, cute blonde girls. As for me, I had average brown hair and my eyes went from blue to green to hazel—depending on what I wore, what my mood was and how the light struck me. Besides, to notice my eyes at all, you had to get past those glasses which I always wore and always hated. Every time I passed a mirror, I'd say *Ugh!* and shudder. That's how much I thought of myself.

## We meet—finally

But after class, Dick followed me to the corridor.

"Hello," he said. "You're from my school, aren't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"I can't remember your name."

"Barbara Mallory."

"Oh sure. How do you think you'll like Davis High, Bobbie?"

"It'll be okay, I guess, once I get used to it. It's such a big school—three floors, twenty rooms."

"Don't let it bother you," he laughed. "You'll only be in one at a time. You'll do fine. I noticed you going to gym. On you, those bloomers look good! What are you blushing for? Most girls look terrible in them, but you've got nice legs."

I went on blushing but I'd never again hate that word 'leggy.' A. B. Davis High was going to be all right. . . .

But a couple of months went by and Dick didn't date me. He'd smile at me in class, sometimes even send me funny notes; talk to me in the hall—but when it came to dates, he took out Diana Ruffano who was small, cute and blonde.

Now it was Halloween and Dick still hadn't dated me. But his best friend, Andy Grass, invited me to a Halloween party. Andy and Dick were inseparable. They studied together, they double-dated, they had a jalopy, *The Green Hornet*, which they owned jointly. I was glad to go with Andy. At least it would be something to be at the same party as Dick.

It was a nice party. We ducked for apples, we played games, we danced. Dick won a box of Whitman's chocolates and when he came over to ask me to dance, he gave them to me. Since I wasn't his

date, I was speechless with surprise and just managed to stammer my thanks.

But I still have that box. It holds all our mementoes over the years.

Dick and I danced well together. I loved to dance but I liked it best when we sat down in a corner and just talked.

Dick to me had seemed happy and gay all the time—the type of boy who doesn't have a care in the world. Now I got a glimpse of another Dick—the real Dick, the one who thought a lot, figuring things out for himself—the Dick who never let the world suspect that he knew tragedy.

## Dick's secret idol

I found out that a year ago his brother Brad had been shot down in a mission for the Air Force. Dick had idolized Brad the way a kid will with an older brother who had the world by the tail. To Dick Brad had not merely been a brother, he'd been a friend, an ideal of what a boy should be, a prop in growing up. And then suddenly, Brad was gone. But for his parents' sake, Dick had pulled himself together and in one short year had tried to fashion himself over to be more like Brad. Dick was a boy with a mission of his own.

I understood and felt for him, because we'd had a tragedy in our family too. One night my father had come home saying he didn't feel well. A week later, he was dead with spinal meningitis. It was terrible for all of us. I was thirteen. The twins were eight years younger. Mother was only thirty-seven. She had to pull herself together and go back to work. It was awful. I began to see how important it was for a woman to be able to work and not just as a file clerk helping out either. A woman had to have a profession to be able to support herself and family in an emergency. My father hadn't graduated from college but he had always regretted it. I knew one of his fondest dreams was that I'd get a college education. Now I was determined to make it come true and to become a teacher so I could help take some of the responsibility off Mother.

As Dick and I told each other about our families and our problems, as we saw we could talk to each other about these things, we grew closer and closer. We had a lot in common and it made us feel better to be able to tell each other important and serious things and get sympathetic understanding and a warm response.

The evening had started out as just a party where I could see the boy I had a crush on. I had thought *I'll go home and write in my diary all the details—how Dick looked and what he said.*

But when I got home, I wrote, with a blind flash of insight: *This is the boy I want to marry.*

Sometimes a girl knows things, even at fifteen.

## Our serious moments

There were other parties at Diana's and at my house. My mother was good about letting me have the gang in. Andy, Dick, Diana and I made a foursome and had good times together. But it was our serious talks that meant most to Dick and me. We could talk about everything—even my hated shyness. Dick drew me out about it, hoping to get me over it. "Do you think those cute twins helped it along? They're such scene-stealers."

"Oh no. Not in our family! There was always enough love for all of us," I told him. "Actually that old complex dates

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**W**hen George Stevens hired and signed Millie Perkins for the role of Anne Frank in *The Diary of Anne Frank*, he had fallen completely for her young fresh look—her peaches and cream complexion, shining black hair, and youthful figure. She was perfect for the part—except for one thing. Her eyes. Those big, luscious, deep hazel-blue eyes. All that mascara, those false eyelashes, and all that pencil around them had to go.

So he sent a memo to the make-up staff at 20th and when Millie came to the set for the first day's shooting of Anne Frank, Harry Maret, the famed make-up expert, took one look at Millie and ordered, "Go in and wash all that junk off your eyes! Right now!"

"And, incidentally, while you're at it, you can remove those phony eyelashes."

Millie gasped in protest and started to say something. But Harry Maret cut her off before she got started. "You're a lovely looking girl. You don't need all that stuff on your eyes. Just leave the make-up to me!"

"But," started Millie, "I haven't got any mascara on my lashes. And these are really my lashes!"

Then she took a tissue from her handbag, moistened it, and ran it along her eyes. Sure enough, no makeup.

"But . . . but . . ." sputtered Mr. Maret, "the lashes are real?!"

Without a word Millie plucked from her eyes one long, silky lash and gave it to Maret. He gazed at it in amazement and started to blurt out an apology.

"It's just that . . . I mean . . . Well, how was I to know? How often do I see a girl who's too beautiful for Hollywood?!"

Watch for Millie in 20th-Fox's  
THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK.

back further than the twins," I told him. "I think it started the summer we went to Cape Cod. Mother and I had had pneumonia and we went there to recuperate. Next door was a family with a bunch of kids. I used to play with them and one day I pestered Mother to let me go downtown with them in their car. She finally consented. The kids' mother drove us downtown all right but then she locked the lot of us in the back seat for three hours while she went about her own business. I felt so trapped. You know how sweltering and airless a car gets sitting in the sun on a hot humid day. I couldn't get out, I couldn't move, I couldn't breathe. My own mother would never have done such a thing, and I couldn't imagine why our neighbor would be so cruel. After that I was always expecting the worst, afraid to go more than a step away from my family."

I don't know how I came to tell him this. I hadn't remembered it in years or told it to anyone. Dick just nodded and patted my shoulder. "You'll get over it," he said lightly. "How about your coming to the Snowball Dance with me?"

"I'd love to."

There it was at last—Dick's first invitation. I had always thought it would take my breath away but it had happened so casually and I'd accepted so naturally, it just seemed good and right. And Dick followed it up by another: "Let's see a movie next Saturday—just the two of us."

I couldn't tell you what the picture was because he held my hand all through it. And we discovered we were both mad about circuses so that's where he took me next—to Madison Square Garden. But it didn't matter where he took me. Just being with him sent me to Seventh Heaven.

#### The Snowball Dance

The Snowball Dance was our Christmas dance held in the gym. I wore a black skirt and an aqua blouse with black scrolls and a jump-rope belt. I hoped Dick would like it and judging by the way he looked at me, he did. When we did the Lindy Hop, my skirt flew out and I forgot about those awful glasses. The band played *Let It Snow* and we hummed it together. After that, it was our song.

Things happened so fast. When he took me home, I wanted to ask him to my first formal sorority hop but before I could get the words out, he told me Di had already invited him and he'd accepted. "It doesn't mean anything, Bobbie," he said. "You're coming to the New Year's dance with me."

I felt better. I asked someone else to my sorority dance and had a good time because I knew that after this, I would be Dick's date.

We began to go steady now, all through spring. We dated every afternoon after school and on Friday and Saturday nights. Sundays we'd join the crowd at private record hops and Coke-and-potato-chip parties.

Dick was right about my shyness. I began to get over it when we went steady. At first when he took me out I was flattered because the most popular boy in school asked me. But as I saw he liked me for myself and didn't mind the glasses, my self-confidence gradually came back.

But I had always been a good student and had gotten good marks. Now my grades began to suffer, for I was spending too much time on dates and dances and not enough on study. My mother began to worry. "Dick is a thoroughly likeable lad," she said, "but it's too early for you to go steady. You wanted to go to college—you know how much your father wanted it too. Now you don't seem to care any more."

She was disappointed in me and I was disappointed in myself. But if it was a

choice between studying or going out with Dick, he won every time.

Things were getting pretty serious with us. He gave me his frat pin and we began to talk about our future. We agreed that he'd have to finish college and get a job before we could think of marriage.

"But what about you, Bobbie? If we wait till you get through school, it will mean another year."

"Maybe I ought to go to college for only a couple of years and then take a secretarial course and get a job. I could get some money saved—"

"Sure, but that isn't what your mother wants and it isn't what you wanted either. Aren't you going to be a teacher?"

"I dunno," I said. "I wanted to but—"

We both had misgivings. He didn't want me to disappoint my mother any more than he wanted to disappoint his family. We were torn by the age-old arguments. Should we marry early and be together or wait till we both got an education and a start in life? It would mean four or five years of waiting and it wouldn't be easy. One day we'd be all for it and the next we couldn't bear the thought of it. We were getting nowhere.

#### Should we break up?

Then one day Dick sat me down for a serious talk. "I've been doing a lot of thinking, Bobbie," he told me. "Maybe I

Marlene Dietrich lit a cigaret and said: "I gave up smoking a few years ago, just to show it can be done. I gained twenty pounds, so I started smoking again."

Leonard Lyons  
in the New York Post

haven't been fair to you tying up all your time the way I've been doing. Maybe we've just become a habit."

"As long as it's a good habit—" I smiled.

But he was serious, too serious. "I've been thinking maybe we ought to test our feelings—see if they'll stand up if we go out with others."

I felt as if a bomb hit me. "You're not sure, then?"

"Sure I'm sure. I've pinned you, haven't I? But I see your mother's point of view. The way we've been going, you're liable to throw over your chance at college. I wouldn't want that on my conscience—you're too smart a girl. If what we feel is real—and I think it is—dating other people won't make any difference. And if we've just become a habit, now is the time to find it out."

I sat there, telling myself it was just common sense. It sounded so reasonable, but reason was cold comfort. When I got home, I cried for a solid week.

That summer Mother sent me to visit an aunt and uncle in Toledo. When I came back, I attended Brentwood Hall, a small private school in Bronxville. I could buckle down better and my grades improved almost immediately when I was away from the charm of one Dick Clark. Some of the students boarded at Brentwood. It had five bedrooms, two small buildings and no more than twelve in its graduating class. It was quite a change from Davis High—with all its excitements, club activities, sororities, boys.

Being away from Dick was a particularly lonely period for me. I was happy when he began to date me again on week ends. He didn't hide the fact that he was dating other girls too. The funny part of it all was that he was blindly jealous when I went out with other boys.



That's how my Junior year went. Our romance was an on-again, off-again situation and I wasn't happy about it. In my last year, my mother moved down to Salisbury, Maryland, to be with her sister, and I became a boarding student at Brentwood.

#### Together again

Dick and I had an understanding. We were going to marry some day but we weren't tied down now. After Mother moved, the Clarks invited me to spend some time with them. Dick's family were nice friendly people, very much like my own. I suppose that's why Dick and I were so compatible from the first. We were a lot alike and a lot different but the alike part stems from the fact that we come from similar backgrounds and have the same kind of sense of humor.

The Clarks moved to Syracuse when Dick went to Syracuse University. Dick became a big wheel on the campus just as he had been in high school and there was always some pretty co-ed giving him the eye, though it was I who wore his pin. Fortunately for me none of these girls cut much ice with him. He worked hard at an assortment of jobs, making beds, waiting on tables, working around the campus radio station to earn his own spending money and get the feel of working.

After graduation, I went to State Teacher's College in Salisbury, Maryland, and I worked hard to get good grades and unlimited cuts so that I could spend a lot of time with Dick when he came down. Those three hundred miles between us really hurt.

Every week end now he got into his old 1934 jalopy and drove like crazy over the snowclad Poconos to spend a couple of days with me. Once in the middle of winter, his brakes went bad and he almost got himself killed. He told me about it gaily but it froze my blood.

"Cheer up, Bobbie," he said. "I'm here, all in one piece."

"Yes, but you might not have been. Dick, I can't let you go on taking this chance, careening over those mountains in that car every week."

"Then why not come up nearer me? There must be a teacher's college close to Syracuse."

"A state school or one where I could get a scholarship? Remember there's that little thing called money—"

"I know," Dick said. "I'll do some asking around."

#### The ideal situation

As fate would have it, that week end going back to Syracuse, Dick picked up a hitchhiker who told him all about Oswego, a teachers' training school only twenty miles from Syracuse University. Except for that little thing called money, it looked ideal for us.

Dick and I talked it over and I decided to try to borrow my tuition money from Hadley King, my godfather, who was a lawyer. I told him frankly about the two hazards—that awful trip and the pretty girls up at Syracuse. "I'll pay you back every penny as soon as I get out and begin teaching," I promised.

I didn't have to ask twice—he agreed right away.

As soon as I transferred to Oswego, Dick and I knew everything was going to be all right between us. The coeds faded from the picture. Dick didn't want to go out with anyone but me. I went up to Spring Lake with the Clarks early in September and had a marvelous Thanksgiving with them in Syracuse. Christmas, Dick and I came down to New York. I stayed with friends and he roomed with a frat brother. We did the town and had a wonderful time. Though I didn't have a ring, everyone knew I was Dick's girl.

In his senior year, Dick invited me to a formal cocktail party which the seniors were giving for their dates. He looked stunningly handsome in his tux and I wore a white formal with his gardenias pinned to my shoulder. Dick said I looked so nice, he had a hard time keeping his eyes on the road as we drove to the party. Then casually, he reached into his inside pocket and threw a small box into my lap.

"This is for you, Bobbie," he said, using the words he had used when he gave me that first gift, the box of chocolates.

I opened the box and there was a beautiful engagement ring. "Dick Clark, stop the car this minute and put it on for me!"

We waited for another year until Dick got set in his job at WFIL, Philadelphia, and I graduated from Oswego.

Actually we waited for seven years all told before we finally got married. They weren't easy years. The teenage years never are. But nobody wants them easy. Growing up means heartbreak and exaltation, sacrifices, days and nights of 'Should we or shouldn't we,' but love is worth all the sacrifices and the pain of waiting.

Dick and I wouldn't have missed a minute of it. We're glad we fell in love at fifteen and could help each other over the rough spots.

But problems are a part of living. And problems shared and solved together make love that much stronger and fulfillment that much sweeter.

END

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*What famous actress' real  
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## Will You Be My Valentine?

(Continued from page 31)

story of the Valentines I have known.

My first Valentine—maybe "crush" is a better word—was Liz Taylor. I first saw her in *National Velvet* and my head started spinning. I was nine or ten years old, and she made such an impact on me I wrote her a fan letter every week. She sent me a big beautiful glossy picture of herself (I still have it) with a personal autograph: *For Tommy, Fondly, Elizabeth Taylor.* And I went right out and bought a silver frame for it from our Greenwood, Louisiana, dime store. I kept her framed photograph on the ivory mantelpiece in our living room back home, and I remember, after school, I'd go home for a snack, take a long look at her dark hair, her rosepetal complexion and those innocent blue-violet eyes, and I'd go dizzy.

My mom used to say, "Why don't you take the picture upstairs to your room?"

But I'd tell her, "No. I like it here. The living room's the nicest room in our house, and this is where she belongs—with the best!"

Next, I fell in love—crazy kiddish puppy love—with a teacher I had in the fifth grade at Greenwood Grammar, the white wooden country schoolhouse near where I lived. No, the teacher didn't give me all A's. Nor was she as beautiful as Liz. She was short, darkhaired, and with a dimple in her left cheek when she smiled. But she was understanding. She gave me confidence. This was when I realized how important girls—or women—are to fellows, how they help us. Lots of mornings my teacher'd ask me to have lunch with her, and she'd give me one of her peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches, and we'd talk about my ambitions and what I wanted to be when I grew up. I already owned a guitar then. My mother gave me one for my birthday when I was nine years old. I used to tell my teacher during lunchtime how much I loved singing. And she'd constantly remind me how important it was to practice in order to be a professional.

### She gave me courage

I'll never forget one winter's day when she came to me after school and said, "Tommy, I've got a surprise for you."

She told me she'd arranged for me to sing at the Christmas school assembly. I know I should have shouted with happiness. But I didn't. I was scared. Oh, I had sung a couple of times on the radio, but when you sing into a microphone in a studio room it's different. There aren't very many people around—just a few technicians, that's all. But singing in front of a big school audience—? Don't get me wrong. I wanted to sing at the assembly. It's just that I was afraid I wouldn't be good.

She helped me plan the program of what I should sing. And every day after school she listened to me practicing. She'd give me suggestions, ideas about the way I should sing the songs. When Christmas week came and the day of the big assembly arrived, butterflies were playing tag in my stomach and I wanted to back out at the last minute. But she said, "Tommy, you'll never be a singer if you don't learn to control your stage fright now."

Finally, when the hour of the assembly came and I waited backstage while all the kids marched into the auditorium, I began to get excited. When the principal of the school announced me and I walked on stage with my guitar and began singing, somehow I forgot everything—the

awful stage fright and fluttery butterflies.

I sang a couple of Christmas carols and some folk songs, and when I finished there was dead silence in the school auditorium. I went limp. I started to walk offstage, and then, suddenly, out of the silence, a roar of applause began thundering, breaking the stillness. The kids clapped and clapped, yelling "More, more!" This was the first time in my life I'd ever taken a public bow. I didn't know what I should do, so I ran offstage, happy but bewildered and almost on the verge of tears.

### A guy never forgets

But there she was, my teacher, waiting in the grey-curtained wings. I reached out and hugged her. I couldn't help it. Without her I would never have done it. She boosted my spirits. She had an interest in seeing me develop. She believed in me—and a guy never forgets this.

For the rest of that school year I hung around her like a puppy dog. On the last day of school when we had parties in all the classrooms, I kissed her on the cheek and I cried. We were moving to Chicago. I told her the news and she smiled and told me the biggest lesson all of us had to learn was to get along by ourselves in this world wherever we went. We need people to help us, yes, but whether I was in Chicago or Greenwood didn't matter. What mattered, she said, was that Tommy Sands believed in Tommy Sands enough to stand up for Tommy Sands. I've never forgotten what she told me. This is why I've been able to travel so much, to make hundreds of personal appearances with disc jockeys every year and still stay in a good humor. I always remember her words.

Then the real love trouble started. Until that time, love was a spiral of spunglass, reflecting the gold of the sun and the silver of the moon. Well, we moved to Chicago, then to the oilman's world of Houston, Texas, where my mother got a job as a salesclerk in Foley's Department Store. I started junior high and flipped for the daughter of an oil millionaire.

She was pretty. She was a blonde with deep blue eyes, the kind that seem to look right through you. I don't know why she liked me. I was poor and hung around with the rough guys, the fellows who loafed in the poolroom parlors where we smoked cigarettes or played cards or just stood outside the pool hall, checking all the gals who'd pass by.

I liked her because she was different. Her first initial is S. I'm embarrassed to give you her real name—it wouldn't be fair to her; so let's call her Sandy. Sandy flirted with me at school. But even though I hung around with the rough guys, I was shy. I didn't have the nerve to go up to her and introduce myself. So I asked a buddy of mine, a halfback on the school's football team, to fix me up with a date.

Funny thing is he told me she asked him the same thing.

### She made up my mind

We met, and I took Sandy out for Cokes, and we sat in the drug store twisting soda straws and talking about silly things like the biggest bubbles we ever blew with bubble gum. She told me her father bought her a brand new record player, a fancy hi-fi set, for her birthday, and why didn't I come over some night to listen to it?

One October night I went over to her

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house. It was a huge mansion with a wide driveway and a rolling lawn littered with rustling yellow leaves. I was almost ashamed to go in. I didn't think I belonged there. This was a rich world, a world I only knew from movies and books. I met her folks who were very formal, but Sandy asked me into the den and we listened to pop records and made milkshakes in the ice cream bar. Later, we danced, with the lamp light turned low to *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes*.

She told me she had made up her mind to be my girl.

I was bowled over. I had never asked her. "But gee," I said, "why don't we go together for a while and see if we like each other? You don't know me very well, and maybe you won't like me." I didn't tell her then I was afraid she was too rich. After all, I couldn't afford to take her out very often. My mother had to work, and I used to do odd jobs to pick up an extra buck for spending money.

"No," she said. "I think we ought to make an agreement right now. We know we like each other, so let's say we're going steady right off."

I was flattered. After all, she was very pretty. She looked a little bit like Sandra Dee, all creamy-complexioned and blue-eyed.

"Okay," I said, and she gave me her lips in the shadows, and we kissed. I had never had a girl kiss me like that before. I'd kissed gals on the cheek, and once at someone's birthday party in Chicago where we played post office we kissed on the lips—but those were quick kisses. This was a long, lingering kiss, and I wondered if maybe I wasn't up to her. She was fast. I was naïve. And to tell you the truth, I didn't know if this was right.

We went together for a month, and we were both miserable. Have you ever heard of possessive people? Well, this is what we both turned out to be. We weren't sure of ourselves, I guess. If I wanted to play basketball with my pals, she wanted me to go home with her and dance. If she wanted to go for a ride with a gang of schoolkids, I wanted to go to a Debbie Reynolds movie. We were always fighting, never agreeing on what we might do together.

#### Too fast for me

One Friday night that November she told me she wanted me to stay over at her house. Her parents were going away for the week end, and she didn't want to be alone.

"But what will I tell my mother?" I asked her.

"Tell her you're going to stay over with your best buddy."

I've never liked lying to my mom, but Sandy convinced me I couldn't leave her by herself in that rambling millionaire's mansion. That night we made grilled American cheese sandwiches and listened to records and danced. Finally, around ten o'clock, I got a glass of milk from the kitchen, and I told her I was nervous—that this wasn't right, the two of us staying alone in this big house—and I made her call her girlfriend, Sue, who came over and stayed with Sandy, and I went home to my Mom and told her I had decided against staying over at Bill's.

The next morning Sandy called me up on the telephone and said she had to see me immediately. I met her at her home, and she gave me my identification bracelet back and said we were through. She didn't like me anymore. I didn't have any guts, she told me. This upset me for a long time, and I didn't date girls for a while. I was afraid of getting mixed-up with someone like Sandy. Sandy didn't want to go steady. It was more like husband and wife with her. Going steady, in

my book, means getting to know someone. If you make up your mind to marry, then that's something altogether different.

It wasn't until my senior year at Lamar High School when my best buddy's girlfriend wanted me to doubledate with them that I got hooked. A new girl came to town from Corpus Christi. Her name was Joie, and she had long coalblack hair and green eyes.

On our first date we went to a drive-in and saw a Jimmy Dean film. Joie was warm and easy to get along with. She had a wonderful way of throwing her head back when she laughed. Also, she made a guy feel like a guy with such simple little things. She'd wait for me to open the car door for her. Or she'd ask me to help her off with her coat.

#### A wonderful girl this time

After the movie, we went to a jukebox joint where there was a parrot in a cage that kept saying "Rock it . . . rock it . . . rock it" or "Hey, when's the next cha-cha-cha . . . ?" Everytime Joie heard the parrot talk she laughed and laughed. I enjoyed her. She had such a love for the little things around her. She wanted to know about all of us at school, the places the seniors liked to go to, the school hops and the holiday proms and the senior dances. I liked her curiosity. I hoped she liked me.

She did. We began going together. In those days I was singing at night, whenever I could get a job. I'd sing in tawdry, rose-lighted beer halls or noisy, smoke-filled gambling casinos. Lots of times Joie would ask me if she could come and catch my show.

I'd say, "No, baby, these places are terrible. I have to sing there because of the dough, but I hate for you to have to go there."

Somehow or other, in spite of my begging, she'd find some excuse as to why she had to see me and come—alone or with her girlfriends. I was afraid her folks would find out and get upset. Her father was a physician. I didn't think he'd go for Joie hanging around nightclubs with me. Now I didn't sing every night—only once or twice a week, and we usually dated on my off nights. I couldn't understand why she wanted to come to these cheap dives. I kept asking her not to come, but she never listened. She always came.

It didn't take long for the secret to come out. One spring morning in woodshop class, my best buddy let the cat out of the bag. The two of us were over by the buzz saw, working on our foot-stool projects, and he said, above the droning noise of the saw, "Hey, Tommy, I hear you got a great arrangement of *Love Me or Leave Me*! Joie says it's terrific!"

I was baffled but I didn't say anything. I had only sung that arrangement the night before for the first time. How did he know about it so quickly?

"She's so proud of you," he told me, guiding his piece of pine wood toward the buzz saw's teeth. "She's been telling us all she's been following you around the clubs. She's devoted to you, you know. She likes going with a singer."

"Yeah," I said softly, but he couldn't hear me. Suddenly my brain clicked. Joie would always come to hear me sing at the clubs, stay for about forty-five minutes, then leave for home early in her fire-engine-red convertible.

"Say," I said casually, "when did she tell you about my new arrangement?"

"Last week sometime, I guess," he said, not lifting up his eyes and pushing his square of wood toward the thin blade.

"You're lying," I said to him. I reached for the buzz saw switch and snapped off the motor.

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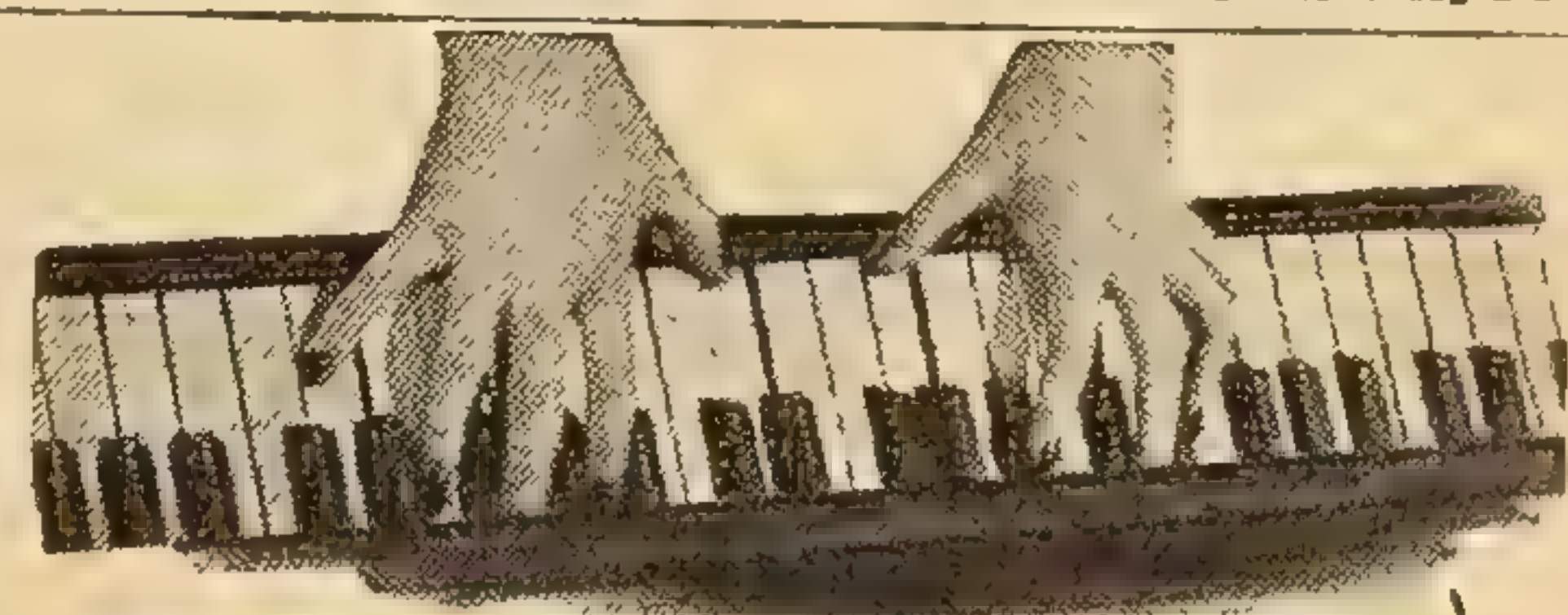
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March 9— **Taina Elg**

March 15— **MacDonald Carey**

March 16— **Cornell Borchers**  
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March 17— **Michael O'Shea**

March 18— **Marjorie Hellen**

March 19— **Louis Hayward**

March 22— **Karl Malden**

March 23— **Joan Crawford**

March 24— **Richard Conte**  
**Gene Nelson**

March 26— **Sterling Hayden**

March 28— **Frank Lovejoy**

March 31— **Diane Jergens**  
**Shirley Jones**  
**Richard Kiley**



**David Niven**  
March 1



**Cyd Charisse**  
March 8



**Barry Fitzgerald**  
March 10



**Gordon MacRae**  
March 12



**Wendell Corey**  
72 March 20



**Dennis O'Keefe**  
March 29

"No, I'm not," he said. "... I'm not!"  
"Well, I'm going to call your bluff" I told him I wanted him to meet me at noontime at the hot-dog bar across the street. When I saw Joie between classes that morning I told her I wanted to see her, too. I didn't tell her why.

### Betrayed!

Then, when the two of them met me there, I saw him blush when she came in the door.

I explained to Joie I couldn't understand how word had leaked out about my arrangement of *Love Me Or Leave Me*. I had only sung it last night, not last week, and she was the only person who had heard it. When did she tell him?

The two of them looked at each other. Finally Joie spoke, her cheeks red from embarrassment. She said, "I think we ought to tell Tommy the truth." Then she told me they had fallen in love. She liked my singing and coming to hear me sing, but she couldn't help it. There was something that attracted her to him, and she used to meet him after she saw me at the clubs.

"I guess that explains why you've been so busy on my off nights when I'd ask you for a date. You've got homework or your hair to wash or something ... it's always something."

"I'm sorry," she said, lowering her eyes, then looking up at him. No doubt about it, my best buddy was a good-looking guy. He looked a little like Johnny Saxon.

"I hope you won't be mad at us about it," she said, "but we just couldn't help it."

Suddenly I just couldn't say anything. I think I'd have made a fool of myself if I stayed there. Tears were building up inside me. I liked Joie, and I liked the way the two of us had been getting to know each other—slowly, gently. But things don't always go quite the way you'd like them to. I clenched my fists and walked out of that hot-dog bar, the sizzle of the hot dogs on the counter grill sounding like the sizzle in my brain from all this anguish. I left and walked home, trying desperately to hold back the tears. I didn't want anyone to see me. When I got home I went upstairs and locked myself in my room and cried. For the rest of the afternoon I played hookey. I just couldn't go to school and face them. I had been betrayed by my steady girlfriend and my best buddy.

When my mother came home from Foley's department store, she knocked on my door. I opened it. She wanted to know what was the matter.

I told her about Joie.

"Son," she said, "listen to me. It's better now than later, before you got too serious. There are other girls in the world."

But I was serious. Anyhow, mothers sometimes can't understand the immediate pain, that awful, personal anguish of teenage heartbreak, and all I could say to her was "Mom, I think I want to be alone. ..." She was wonderful. She didn't pester me. She brought me a tray of things to eat, then left me to my troubles.

The next day I went to school and bumped into my buddy in the coat room, and I said, "I'm not going to do this to you because you took Joie away from me, but I'm going to do this because you were my best friend and you betrayed me!" and I socked him. I couldn't help it. I had to. There was too much tension inside.

"All right," I yelled. "Fight me."

But he didn't. He said, "You're right. I was wrong. I've been a coward, I can't help it. I love her. ..."

### A new heart throb

I carried the torch for Joie up till I

acted in *The Singing Idol* on television. Two months later, I met Molly Bee, the gal with the daydream in her eyes. She was a big star, and I looked up to her.

When we appeared on Tennessee Ernie's program together in California, she invited me to her house. I flipped. She had all kinds of guys at her beck and call—guys who were calling her up at all hours of the day and night to take her on rides, picnics, parties. Why did she ask me?

Well, she told me she loved the way I sang, and before you knew it that old love clutch started pulling at my heart, and suddenly, there we were, seeing each other regularly. We didn't go steady, but we might as well have.

She used to go out with other fellows, but I couldn't go out with other girls. I felt I'd be untrue. So I'd say home and wonder, "Who's Molly out with tonight? What's Molly doing?" And before you know it, this kind of stuff, night after night, eats away at your heart and cracks it. So I said to myself, "Tommy, it's time you grew up. You're going to be twenty-

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one. Be a man. If this is the way Molly wants it, then Molly's not for you!" Don't misunderstand me now. We did have a lot of wonderful times together. But I wanted to be serious about our romance. I didn't want it to be a flip boy-meets-girl, boy-forgets-girl kind of thing. Molly meant something to me. She was a person with 'heart,' if you know what I mean.

When I decided the time came for me to try to be a man, I began dating. A girl with a peppy personality takes a guy's mind away from himself.

But, so far, no Valentine. Now I say to myself when a guy reaches twenty-one and he doesn't have a girlfriend, then something's missing from his life. At least I know *that* much about love.

So, as I said at the start, here I am, a twenty-one year old beau. Available.

With Valentine's Day around the corner, is anybody else in a dating mood? **END**

Editor's note: Tommy will personally write a letter to the girl whose picture he thinks comes closest to his ideal sweetheart—the girl he's searched for all his life. Just address your letter to Tommy Sands in care of Modern Screen, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, New York.

Tommy is appearing in **MARDI GRAS** for 20th-Fox.



# The Lame Boy Who Walked With God

(Continued from page 50)

smiled. And she got up from bed. And the happy day began.

In the kitchen, a few minutes later, she sang as she started to prepare a breakfast. And when her maid of many years, a little buxom old lady with straight gray hair and small gray eyes, walked into the room and stared at her in amazement, Anna burst into a deep long laugh.

"You are surprised, hah?" she said. "Only eight o'clock and Magnani is up. Only eight o'clock and Magnani sings. And look at Magnani—in the kitchen for the first time in how long, and near the stove, and making the cocoa and the toast. . . . And you are standing there and thinking that Magnani must be walking in her sleep, no?"

"No," the old lady said, uncertainly. Anna laughed again. Then she rushed over and hugged the servant.

"In case you have forgotten," she said, "today is Luca's birthday."

"Ah," the old lady said, remembering now, understanding.

"And," Anna went on, "today is the day I am going to tell the director of my picture, 'I don't work today, I don't care what you say. I work too hard all the time and I rush to the studio too early

**Marlene Dietrich was asked why she ever signed a contract to appear in a Las Vegas nightclub. She explained: "It finally reached a point where it would be criminal to turn down so much money."**

*Leonard Lyons  
in the New York Post*

all the time. But today is my son Luca's first birthday with me in so many years and I stay home today and in the morning I make him his breakfast, in the afternoon I make him his lunch and, at night, I make him his party."

"You said good," the maid told her, approvingly.

"Yes," Anna chuckled. "And—" she started to say.

But the old servant interrupted her with a poke.

"Signora," she said, pointing to the stove, smiling now, too, "your cocoa . . . it is burning."

Anna turned and rushed over to the steaming pot. "O Dio," she cried out. She looked into the pot, at the brown violently-churning bubbles. "Oh, what do I do? What do I do?"

The old servant turned off the gas.

"Just this," she said.

Anna nodded. "Today I am very excited," she said. "It is a day on which nothing must go wrong and I get confused and I am excited."

"Nothing will go wrong," the old servant said. "Do not worry, Signora."

## Nothing must go wrong

Anna sighed. The smile was gone from her face momentarily, the laughter was gone from her voice. "Nothing must go wrong," she said. "Not today. No. Not today. . . ."

She tiptoed into Luca's room a little while later, carrying his breakfast in a large silver tray. She laid down the tray on a small table next to his bed and, for a moment, she stared at her sleeping son.

"How handsome you are, my young man," she said to herself, the pride rush-

ing through her body, "how handsome, my young man, my son, my baby."

She bent and kissed him on the cheek. "Luca," she whispered, gently.

He did not wake.

She ran her fingers through his dark, wavy hair.

"Luca—"

As she continued looking down at him she remembered how he'd been that other morning, a long time ago, thirteen years ago.

Luca, three years old then, had awakened with a fever. She, Anna, had been worried and had wanted to stay home from work that day in order to be with her little son.

But when she'd called the studio—where she'd begun work a few weeks earlier on her first major picture, *Open City*, the picture that would make her an international star—and told her producer that she couldn't make it that day, he had begged her to reconsider.

"Today is an important scene," he'd said. "Everything is in readiness for it. Come today, Anna, and tomorrow you can stay home, I promise."

So Anna had gone to the studio. And she'd been at work only two hours when she got the phone call.

It was a doctor. He was calling from her apartment. He explained that shortly after she left her son had begun to appear very ill and that her maid had taken the liberty of calling him.

"Now," he said, "I think it would be good if you left what you are doing and came here right away."

"What's wrong?" Anna asked, more frightened than she had ever been in her life. "What has happened to my baby?"

"Come . . . and we will talk," the doctor said.

## The day the polio struck

When Anna rushed into the apartment a little while later, the doctor took her hand and led her to a couch.

"The boy's father—you and he are divorced?" the doctor asked.

"Yes," Anna said.

"I thought perhaps I should like to talk to him, too," the doctor said.

"He is not in Rome right now," Anna said.

She jumped up from the couch.

"But about Luca, Doctor," she asked, "what do you want to tell me about my son?"

"He is sick," the doctor said.

"How sick?" Anna asked. "How sick?"

"He is sick with polio," the doctor said. Anna screamed.

"Nooooooooo!" came the sound from deep inside her, filling the room with its despair.

"No . . . no . . . no . . . noooooooooo!" came the sound, over and over again.

And then she'd run from the room to the bedroom where her sick son lay.

She'd opened the door.

She'd walked in.

She'd looked at him, in his bed, asleep . . . and then she'd run her fingers through his long brown hair, warm with the terrible fever that burned within him.

And then, as now, on this day, thirteen years later, she'd whispered his name.

"Luca . . . Luca."

Slowly now, he opened his eyes.

"Wey!" Anna said, sitting on the bed next to him, pulling at his hair now, her voice loud again, "look how we start your sixteenth birthday. With breakfast in bed,



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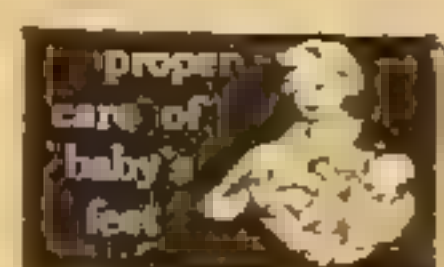
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## Just one question, Your Majesty

Once upon a time—just a few months ago, in fact—there lived in London a little girl named Sarah, who was soon to meet the Queen.

Sarah's daddy was Kenneth More, the actor, whose new picture—*A Night To Remember*—was going to be premièred for Her Majesty in just a few nights.

And so, day after day, time after time, Sarah's daddy would take her on his lap and go over the details of their meeting.

"We will be in the lobby of the theater," he would say. "The Queen will enter. You, Sarah darling, will step forward, curtsy and present her with a bouquet."

"And will the Queen ask me any questions?" Sarah would then ask.

"Oh no, I doubt that," her daddy would answer.

"Oh," Sarah would say then, clapping her hands, "it sounds as if it will be such jolly fun!"

And it was jolly fun, for Sarah, at least—after she had given the Queen the flowers and the Queen had asked that question.

"How old are you, my dear?" was the question.

"I'm five," began Sarah's reply. "Now tell me, how old are you?"

*Kenneth's new film is for Rank.*

my Luca, like an emperor on vacation."

Luca smiled groggily.

Anna handed him a cup from the tray. "Here," she said, "cocoa, the way you like it, with the rich milk of the goat."

She watched him take a sip.

"Good?" she asked.

The boy nodded. "Very good," he said.

She pulled at his hair again.

Then she asked, "Luca, do you know what arrived from the tailor last night, late, after you went to bed? Your tuxedo. The suit you will wear tonight to the party."

She clapped her hands together, strong and loud.

"And what a party it will be," she said. "Your mother has gone wild with herself. She has rented the best nightclub in the city. She has invited one hundred people. There will be food, Luca, and wine, the very finest wine. And there will be music and entertainment and it is for you, my boy, to celebrate for you."

Luca nodded again.

And as he did Anna laughed again and continued talking—about the night ahead, the party, the plans. And then, when she was finished with her talking and Luca had finished his cocoa, she jumped up from the side of the bed.

### Magnani honors her son

"Now I must go for a little while," she said. She made a face. "To the *istituto di bellezza* I go, the beauty salon. Aaaaaach. How I hate those places. But today I go. You know why, my boy? Because tonight I must look beautiful. Tonight nobody says, 'Look at Magnani, the sloppy one.' Tonight they all say, 'Look at Magnani, the beauty. And,' they will say, 'do you know the reason she is so beautiful tonight? Because she is honoring her son on his birthday. And because for this night, this one night in his life, she must be the most beautiful woman he has ever seen.'"

She took his hand in hers.

"You look forward to tonight, Luca?" she asked.

"Yes, Mamma," the boy said.

For a moment, neither of them said anything.

Then Anna asked, "Do you want anything else before I go?"

"No, Mamma," the boy said. "I will get up now and wash and dress."

He began to sit himself up in the bed. Anna watched the great effort it took him.

"All right, my boy," she said.

And she left. . . .

"Subito," Anna said to the beautician—a tall, pretty, olive-skinned girl—as soon as she'd entered the beauty salon. "I don't have much time. So quick. Make me look nice. And let me get out of here!"

The girl was impressed. This was a very elegant place she worked in, yes. But customers like the great Anna Magnani didn't walk in every day.

"Of course," she said, "I will get you out of here *subito-subito*."

She began her work quickly, quietly. But after a while, like all members of her profession—male or female, old pro or novice, she began to talk.

And Anna, normally opposed to any unnecessary conversation, didn't seem to mind on this day.

"You are, if I may ask, going to a party of some sort this evening?" the girl asked.

"I am giving a party," Anna said.

"Ah, you have won another Oscar in the United States, I bet," the girl said.

"No," Anna said, laughing. "This is different. This is more important. I am having a party to celebrate the birthday of my son."

"You have a son, Signora?" the girl asked. "I did not know that."

"I do, but yes," Anna said.

"How old is he?" the girl asked, as she continued her work.

Anna told her:

"The beginning of young manhood," said the girl.

Anna nodded. "And the beginning of a new life with me," she said. "He has been away a long time, in Switzerland. But last week he came back to me and that, too, I am celebrating . . . Would you like to see a photo of him?" she went on, proudly. "We were at my country house in Circeo till yesterday and I took some very good photos of him."

"Oh yes," the girl said, "I would like very much to see him."

### Anna realizes the truth

As Anna reached forward for her purse, the girl asked, "Has he been in school in Switzerland, Signora?"

But Anna didn't seem to hear her.

"Here he is," she said, finding the picture she was looking for and handed it to the girl.

The girl wiped her hands on a towel. And then, carefully, she took the picture and held it in her fingers.

"Mmmmmmm—" she said, looking at it and breaking into a great smile. "But he is handsome, Signora. But he is so handsome."

"Grazie," Anna said, "thank you."

"Oh Signora," the girl went on, "I mean no disrespect, but if I were at this party tonight and I saw your son, do you know

According to Alfred Hitchcock:  
"Titles, like women, should be  
fresh, without being familiar; in-  
triguing, never obvious; warm, yet  
not too hot to handle; and give a  
clue, without revealing too much."

Sidney Skolsky  
in the New York Post

what I would do? I would forget all the etiquette that my mother and father have taught me and I would walk up to this son of yours and I would say, 'Would you please, my handsome young man, do me the honor of having the next dance with me?'"

She laughed a high, girlish laugh.

"And what do you think he would answer me, Signora?" she asked then. "You should know. You are the mother."

What humor and happiness there had been in Anna's expression was gone now, suddenly.

But the girl, standing behind her, didn't see Anna's face as she repeated her question.

"What do you think he would answer me, Signora?"

Finally, after a long pause, Anna replied.

"He would say, 'No, I am sorry, but I cannot have this dance with you,'" she told the girl.

"He is conceited perhaps?" the girl said, gayly.

"No," Anna said, shaking her head. "He is not conceited. He is crippled in both his legs."

"Oh, Signora—" the girl started to say in apology.

But again Anna did not hear her.

Because she was afraid now, very much afraid now, of what she had almost done.

It was a little while later. Anna and Luca were in the living room of the big hilltop apartment. Luca sat reading what appeared to be a magazine. Anna stood near the window, staring down at the city below and at the dome of St. Peter's, a few kilometers away, which dominated the entire scene with its somber, oval



beauty. She was thinking—very hard. Suddenly, she turned.

"Luca," she said, "in a little while I will fix us our lunch."

"Good Mamma," the boy said, looking up from what he was reading.

"But before that," Anna said, "I would like to talk to you about something."

She walked over to where he sat.

"The party tonight—" she started to say.

But then she changed her mind. She would tell him about that in a little while, about how she had decided to call off the party, about how she realized now it was a stupid and ridiculous idea to drag him to this party she'd planned, this party where he would be so unhappy and uncomfortable, where—Oh God, why didn't she realize it sooner—others would be dancing and tapping their feet to the music while he, Luca, would sit there, tortured, ashamed, miserable.

#### Another idea

For now instead, she thought, she would tell him about her other idea.

"Luca," she said, "I have a plan—for you, and for me."

She chose her words carefully as she continued to talk.

"Do you know how hard I have been working these last years—here in Italy, in France, in America?" she asked.

The boy nodded. "I know," he said.

"Well," Anna said, "I think that in a few years I will stop working . . . and retire. Yes, I am getting tired. And I need rest. And now you are back from Switzerland and I need to be together with you more . . . And do you know what I am going to do? This I am going to do. I am going to make a few more pictures—maybe two, maybe three. And then I am going to take all the money I make from those pictures and buy a villa, far away, very far, away from everyone and everything. And you and I will go there, Luca, just the two of us, alone, and we will spend our time there, just the two of us, together . . . forever."

"Why, Mamma?" the boy asked.

"So no one will ever be able to hurt you," Anna wanted to say.

But instead she said, "We have thirteen years apart to make up for, Luca. This is a long time for a mother to be without her son and for a son to be away from the mother who loves him so much. This way, in this villa, we will be away from everything but ourselves. And we shall make up for those thirteen years, you and I. Oh, how we shall make up for them!"

She smiled and reached for her son's cheek and gave it a playful squeeze.

And she waited for him to smile back. But he didn't.

"You do not like my plan?" Anna asked.

"If it is your wish," the boy said.

"It is," Anna said.

"Then I guess it is good," the boy said.

Anna took his hand.

Again, she waited for him to smile.

But again the smile did not come.

"Luca," she said, "—you are sure there is nothing wrong. . . ?"

The boy shrugged.

"Only," he said, "that I will not be able to go to the school I have been reading about."

He looked down at the book in his lap.

Anna followed his gaze.

For the first time, really, she saw the book. It was not a magazine, as she had thought, but a college prospectus.

The Rome Institute of Engineering, read its title, —A Description of Courses for the Interested Student.

"Oh?" Anna said, looking back at him, surprised.

"I realize it would not be easy to get into the school," Luca went on. "And I realize that if I do get in it will not be easy

at first, being in a crowded classroom with so many students, after all my years in Switzerland, at the hospital, where our classes were always private and where we always studied alone.

"But," he said, "though I have never told you this before, I had looked forward to trying to become an engineer, Mamma. And to getting used to being with people, and not being away from them anymore, all the time."

"With people?" Anna asked, repeating him. "With people?"

"Yes," the boy said. He smiled. "That is why, too, I am so happy to be in Rome now. And why tonight; this party you are having for me—why I look forward to that so much. I must learn, Mamma, not only from the books I will study, but from the people I will be with now."

"But the party," Anna said, "—this morning when I reminded you of it, I thought you looked a little sad, Luca, as if perhaps you were not looking forward to it."

"I was not sad, Mamma," the boy said. "I was thinking about the college. I had written to them from Circeo asking for this booklet and it had not arrived and I guess I was wondering if perhaps they did not want me and were not even sending the booklet . . . But it arrived, Mamma, just a little while after you left the apartment this morning."

"And you are happy now?" Anna asked.

"Yes," the boy said.

"And about the party—you are happy about that, too?" she asked.

"Yes," the boy said.

But he did not look so happy.

"Only you are not happy about one thing I said," Anna went on, "about the villa I spoke of, the faraway villa. Is that not right, Luca?"

"If it is what you want, Mamma—" the boy started to say.

"No," Anna interrupted him. "I do not want that. I thought so for a minute. But no. That is not what I want."

She reached over and took him in her arms and hugged him.

"I want only that you are happy," she said.

#### The boy who walked with God

"I am happy now, Mamma," Luca said. "And the only way I can be any happier is to work to make you proud of me someday . . . And I will, Mamma. God will help me, I know. You just wait and see how proud you will be. You just wait until the day you hear somebody say, 'That Luca, the Magnani's son, it is a shame that he does not walk—but what an engineer he is, what a fine engineer!'"

And it was as he was saying this that Anna heard the bells in the distance—the bells of St. Peter's—softly at first, and then louder and richer and more and more beautiful in their melodious confusion.

She smiled.

Oh, she was so proud of her boy, her good, brave boy.

It was noon, she knew—noon, the heart of the day, the moment of hope, the moment when the long, cool, wet morning is over and when the sun shines strongest and brings promises of warmth and good to the soul of man.

She looked over toward the window.

Yes, she saw, the gray, rain-filled morning had vanished and the early afternoon sun was shining now.

She looked up.

Her smile became radiant.

Her son had faith, and she would have faith.

Thank You, she whispered to herself, for giving me back my son . . . so strong in his heart, where so many others are lame and weak. . . .

END

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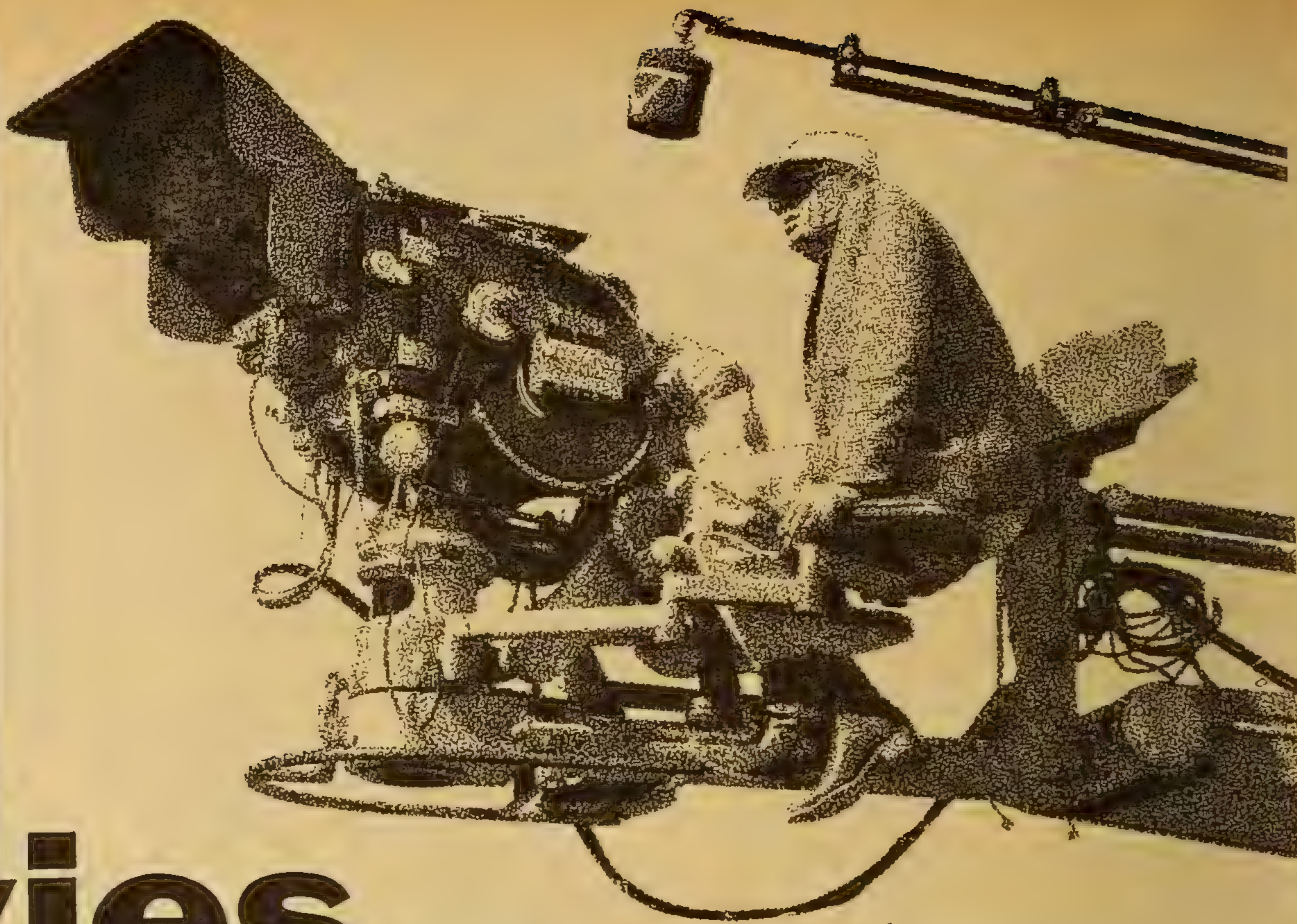
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# new movies

by florence epstein

## SOME CAME RUNNING

Dean Martin  
Frank Sinatra  
Shirley MacLaine  
Martha Hyer  
Arthur Kennedy

*after the war was over . . .*

■ Home from the war is Frank Sinatra, but no one's waiting for him. In fact, his reappearance in Indiana causes distinct embarrassment to his older brother (Arthur Kennedy) and his brother's wife (Leora Dana). Arthur owns a jewelry shop and is a pillar of the town; Leora doesn't like the way Frank tore her apart in a novel he wrote. Frank, you see, is a writer; but he isn't doing much writing now. He's doing a lot of drinking. The last time he did a lot of drinking (in Chicago) he picked up Shirley MacLaine who'd done a lot of loose living. She follows him home and hangs around a saloon frequented by lovable gambler Dean Martin. Martha Hyer, who teaches creative writing, has great admiration for Frank, until he tries to teach her creative living—at which point icicles form around that lady's heart. In a moment of despair and also profound truth—to Frank, anyway—he marries Shirley. Do they live happily ever after? Not on your life! Lots of mixed-up emotions in this movie.—CINEMASCOPE, MGM.

## THE BLACK ORCHID

Sophia Loren  
Anthony Quinn  
Ina Balin  
Jimmie Baird  
Mark Richman

*middle-aged romance*

■ This movie owes a little to *Mary* and a lot to the amazing charm of Anthony Quinn who plays a widower with an about-to-be-married daughter (Ina Balin). Ina was perfectly content to think of marrying Mark Richman and moving to Atlantic City with him (he owned a shop on the boardwalk) until Pop got a twinkle in his eye over widow Sophia Loren. *That awful woman!* shouts Ina. *Pop! How could you?* Whereupon she locks herself in her room, coming out only to set the table. Sophia had been married to a gangster, recently murdered by one of his pals, and now her twelve-year-old son (Jimmie Baird) is on a farm for delinquency (but it's pretty hard to keep him down on that farm!). Sophia has a guilty conscience about her late husband—she feels it

was her greed that drove him to crime. And now she just wants to love someone (that's Quinn) and make him happy. It seems like a wonderful but impossible dream what with both their children maddeningly asserting themselves. If you don't love *The Black Orchid*, you don't love anything.—PARAMOUNT.

## RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS!

Paul Newman  
Joanne Woodward  
Joan Collins  
Jack Carson  
Murvyn Vye

*fun in the suburbs*

■ Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman are very happy living an hour-and-a-half away from Grand Central Station with their two children. Joan Collins lives right next door and her husband, Murvyn Vye, is usually in Hollywood. Is that why Paul's happy? No. Paul is not that kind of man. He's a family man and his wife is a committeewoman. So when the Army decides to establish a top secret base in their community Joanne is head of the committee to fight the Army. She appoints Paul to go to Washington to fight it for her. When he gets to Washington he finds Joan Collins in his hotel suite-fighting for him. No. He is simply not that kind of man—but his wife decides to divorce him, anyway. Meanwhile, he deserts to the other side (that is, to the Army) and tries to promote good will for their project. Since he is in the public relations business you'd think the job would be a snap—but the only things that snap around him are his wife's nerves.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

## THE MAN INSIDE

Jack Palance  
Anita Ekberg  
Nigel Patrick  
Bonar Colleano  
Anthony Newley

*a million dollar robbery*

■ The man inside is a jewel thief by the name of Nigel Patrick. Outside, he looks like an accountant, which he was for ten years. But he'd been plotting the theft of a diamond worth about \$700,000. Well, he thefts it, and the chase begins. Every thief in the world (jealous fools) is after him; Anita Ekberg is after him; private eye Jack Palance, too. But wherever that private eye falls—Nigel Patrick has been

and gone. Jack doesn't even know what Nigel looks like. When he finds out—he can't see him for Anita Ekberg who naturally got to Nigel first and is planning to fly to Paris with him. It's on the boat train to London that the thief and the eye and a couple of assassins and Anita and the diamond (in a golf ball) and the truth all meet head on. An exciting collision.—COLUMBIA.

## STRANGER IN MY ARMS

June Allyson  
Jeff Chandler  
Sandra Dee  
Conrad Nagel  
Mary Astor

*story of a mama's boy*

■ The man (Peter Graves) that June Allyson was married to for a couple of weeks died on a raft he shared with Jeff Chandler—they were shot out of their plane. Now, five years later, Peter's mother (Mary Astor) has worked up such tremendous grief for him that she'd like to get him the Medal of Honor. (She can do it, too, because Mary's family practically owns the town they live in, and her father-in-law—Charles Coburn—is a powerful politician.) Mary's husband, Conrad Nagel, can say nothing but yes to his wife; Mary's cute daughter, Sandra Dee, sasses her a little; but Mary's daughter-in-law, June Allyson, is her slave. Mary's first step toward getting the Medal is to build a hospital in her son's name; her next step is to invite Jeff Chandler down for a week end so that he can give witness to the fact that Peter died a hero. Unfortunately, Peter died a coward, and Peter hated his Mama. (He didn't care too much about his wife, either.) And how is Jeff going to break all this news to June with whom he's fallen in love?—CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

## THE JOURNEY

Yul Brynner  
Deborah Kerr  
Jason Robards, Jr.  
Robert Morley  
Anne Jackson

*passports to freedom*

■ During the recent liberation of Hungary a busload of foreigners—including Lady Deborah Kerr, Robert Morley, E. G. Marshall, an ex-Nazi officer, a Jewish professor—are being detained by Russian officer Yul Brynner. Yul is detaining them because he's very unhappy.



He's very suspicious of passenger Jason Robards, Jr., whose British passport is in order, but that's all. Furthermore, he has a growing fondness for Lady Deborah. Deborah is mad about Jason, who is Hungarian and has a fresh bullet wound to prove it. Deborah's fellow passengers get pretty disgusted waiting around on what they consider her account. First they want to hand bleeding Jason over to Yul; then they want to hand Deborah over to him as a love sacrifice. Anything to get them out of Hungary. Deborah's and Jason's futures are in Yul's hands. The question is: does he act like a Russian, or does he act like a gentleman?—TECHNICOLOR, MGM.

## THE SOUND AND THE FURY

**Yul Brynner**  
**Joanne Woodward**  
**Margaret Leighton**  
**Ethel Waters**  
**Jack Warden**

*brilliant family drama*

What are some old southern families made of? Memory and madness . . . with memory—of the glory that was—leading to the madness. Here is one such family written into brilliant life by William Faulkner. Whatever tenderness is left from the old days is found only in the kitchen where cook Ethel Waters presides. Elsewhere there is the genteel alcoholic John Beal; the sometimes violent mute Jack Warden; the arrogant, never accepted Frenchwoman Françoise Rosay (who screams for breakfast in bed); and her son, Yul Brynner, who bears the family name and now must bear the family. He works to pay the bills, to keep the mansion from crumbling, to keep the family from falling absolutely to seed and to keep his self-respect. His special charge is teen-ager Joanne Woodward who was deserted at birth by her beautiful mother (Margaret Leighton); Joanne spends her time playing hookey, disobeying her dictatorial step-uncle (Yul) and looking for adventure. It's when Brynner allows the wandering, lost Margaret to come home that the drama and his role in it take on almost heroic dimensions. For Joanne, who had thought desperately that her mother would save her, there is one revelation after another: first the revelation of her mother's weakness, then of the weakness and unreliability of a boy (John Whitmore) she'd planned to elope with and finally, the revelation of Yul's place in her life. It is a totally absorbing film with outstanding acting all around.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.



In *THE SOUND AND THE FURY*, Jack Warden tries to kill Joanne Woodward to keep her from running off with her evil boyfriend...but Yul Brynner stops them.

## THE LAST BLITZKRIEG

*up front with the Nazis*

**Van Johnson**  
**Kerwin Mathews**  
**Dick York**  
**Larry Storch**  
**Lise Bourdin**

The way they tell it nowadays there was only one Nazi in Hitler's Germany, and that was Hitler. The rest were obviously insane (like Kerwin Mathews) or just slow thinkers like Van Johnson). It finally dawns on Van—while he's being machine-gunned to death—that he's spent his entire life on the wrong side, and he staggers up and makes a speech against Hitler. Too bad the message wasn't carried home. Van plays a rat—a German who was brought up in America and then enlisted by the Nazis as a spy in World War II. He's been trained to pose as an American soldier while following out his own secret orders. For instance, while he and his American buddies (including Dick York) are digging their way out of a German prison camp, Van is reporting it all to the camp officials. Later, when he learns that all his buddies were machine-gunned he takes it hard. His next assignment is to demoralize American troops (because it's 1944 and Hitler realizes he's losing the war). He and three buddies (including Kerwin Mathews) brush up on American slang and fall into American ranks planning to create havoc among them. Imagine Van's surprise when he comes upon old buddy Dick York; imagine Dick's surprise when he discovers Van's game.—COLUMBIA.

## RECOMMENDED MOVIES NOW SHOWING:

**BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE** (Columbia): Kim Novak's a witch who tries—and succeeds—to lure Jimmy Stewart away from lovely fiancée Janice Rule—with the help of her brother, Jack Lemmon (he's a witch, too). Ernie Kovacs appears on the scene to collaborate with Jack on a book about witches. But Kim's against being exposed as a witch and says she'll hex the book. Jack threatens to hex her Jimmie if she does. So all in all, it's a pretty 'spirited' movie.

**THE PERFECT FURLOUGH** (U-I): When Tony Curtis wins a 'perfect furlough' contest, he goes off to Paris for three weeks with delectable Linda Cristal. But he proves too fast for her and for WAC psychologist Janet Leigh who's chaperoning him on the trip. He's even accused of fathering two children!

**MARDI GRAS** (20th-Fox): Gary Crosby's a young cadet who has his heart set on a date with famous French movie star Christine Carere. Each boy in his class contributes a dollar for the date. But Pat Boone is picked to go instead of Gary. So Gary settles on Sheree North, and Tommy Sands teams up with Barrie Chase. And does Pat ever get to go on the date with Christine? That's the punchline!

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# Don't Worry About Me . . .

(Continued from page 48)

"I see," the doctor said. Then he took her arm and led her back to her chair. "Well, there's no reason you can't call him from here—in just a few minutes . . . But," he went on, satisfied that she was seated again, "there's a little matter I'd like to discuss with you first. The matter of taking care of yourself."

"Of course," Marilyn said, nodding.

"In order," the doctor continued, "to avoid a repetition of what happened last time."

He minced no words.

"A miscarriage is an awful thing, as you well know," he said. "It can be caused by a number of things. That too, you know. In your case the cause seems to be a hormone deficiency. Now, that we can help along. But where you must help yourself is in the very simple area of taking-it-easy. Especially for the first three months."

Again, Marilyn nodded.

"Arthur and I live very quietly—" she started to say.

"A good start," the doctor said, interrupting her. "But how about your work? You're busy on a picture right now, aren't you?"

"Yes," Marilyn said.

"Can you get out of it?" the doctor asked.

"Not at this stage," Marilyn told him. Smilingly, she added, "The picture's two-thirds finished, though—only another month to go. And all the hard work, the strenuous work—I've already finished with that."

The doctor stared at her for a moment. "How," he asked, slowly, "would you define strenuous work?"

"Well yesterday, for instance," Marilyn said, describing the scene, quickly, gayly, energetically, "I had to run up stairs. The picture's called *Some Like It Hot* and I play a flapper back in the Twenties who leads an all-girl band. And so there I am, in this one part, wearing this tight-tight dress, running away from somebody—running up these stairs. And yesterday—oh, I'll never forget it—yesterday was the day the scene had to be shot. And what should have been very simple to do became very hard, for some reason—this funny feeling in my stomach, I guess, that kind of held me back. And so I did it once, and I did it again and before I was through I'd done it fourteen, fourteen times."

## The joke wasn't funny . . .

She laughed when she was finished.

But the doctor didn't.

"A funny feeling in your stomach, you say?" he asked.

Marilyn nodded.

"Fourteen times up those stairs?" the doctor asked.

Marilyn nodded.

And then, suddenly, she saw the worried look on his face.

And her own voice became worried.

"You're thinking," she said, "that I was as pregnant yesterday as I am today—isn't that right, Doctor?"

She watched him as he closed his eyes for a moment and thought.

"Isn't that right, Doctor?" she asked.

"Mrs. Miller," the doctor said. "What's done is done. What you know today you didn't know yesterday. Now only tomorrow is important. And from tomorrow right up until next June you must take it easy, easy, very easy."

"Yes," Marilyn said, studying the look on his face, watching it as it turned from deep-seated worry into what appeared to

be a very uncomfortably forced smile.

"So," the doctor said, tossing up his hands, "I'd say that's it for this meeting. And now, if you'd like, I'll step out so you can phone your husband and tell him the good news. All right?"

"Yes," Marilyn said, still studying his look as he walked across the office, toward the door.

When he was gone Marilyn sat alone now and she thought, and the doctor's words of a few minutes earlier came back to her mind.

*A miscarriage is an awful thing, as you well know. . . .*

"I know," she found herself saying, aloud.

"I know."

She remembered the day—nearly fifteen months ago—when she had first known.

It was a Thursday, in August, in the little house on Long Island she and Arthur had rented for the summer. It was a day of pain, intense, unbearable, a day that began with a child inside her and that ended with the child suddenly gone.

And then, she remembered, it was night, in the big white quiet hospital room in nearby New York, with her husband standing by her bed, watching her come slowly out of her shock, listening to her as she wept about what might have been, as she moaned, "I've failed you, Arthur, I've failed you, Arthur, I'm only half a woman . . . because I've failed you and I've failed our baby."

She brought her hand up to her forehead now.

It was hot, and covered with perspiration.

She rose from her chair and walked over to the doctor's desk and picked up his phone.

"I'd like to place a call to New York," she said, her voice uneven, breaking as she spoke.

She gave the operator the rest of the information and then she waited.

## The day before

Once more, Marilyn, she heard the voice cry out suddenly.

She remembered yesterday, on the set, the whole crew standing around laughing along with her as she did the scene.

"Up those stairs, again?" she remembered herself asking the director.

Once more, Marilyn, she remembered the voice cry out.

And then again:

Once more, Marilyn!

And then again:

Once more, Marilyn!

But now, suddenly, thankfully, another voice cut in, this one coming from the phone receiver she gripped.

"Marilyn?" it asked. "Is that you, darling?"

"Arthur?" Marilyn asked back.

"Yes," she heard him say. "Is everything all right?"

Marilyn was sobbing this time and the words came hard.

"Arthur," she said, "can you come out here, right away? . . . I need you, Arthur . . . I need you so much."

She listened as he asked her where she was calling from, what the matter was.

"It's our baby, Arthur," Marilyn told him. "We're going to have a baby . . . and I don't want it to be like last time. Oh God, I want it to be born alive and healthy and I don't want it to be like last time. . . ."

The next four weeks were strange and troubled.

Arthur had flown to Hollywood immediately after hearing from Marilyn and his presence helped make up for almost everything else that was going to happen.

For what would happen during those thirty-odd remaining days was not to be good.

Marilyn began to feel sick soon after her visit with the doctor. Mornings, especially, she would wake up with the alarm at 5:30 and a few minutes later, invariably, the nausea would fall heavily on her.

"Please, just today, stay in bed and forget the picture," Arthur would say.

"How can I?" Marilyn would ask. "If I don't go—all that money they're spending—all those people who don't work—"

"But you, Marilyn," Arthur would say. "How about you and the way you feel?"

Most mornings, Marilyn would try to fight off her sickness, go to the studio and put in a nine and sometimes ten-hour day.

But, finally, it became too much for her. And, finally, the morning came when she could not move from her bed.

## The secret they shared

Arthur phoned the studio. He said that he was sorry, but that his wife would have to be excused from work that day.

"Why?" he was asked.

Arthur wanted to tell them. "She's pregnant," he wanted to say, proudly and angrily, at the same time, "is that a good enough reason for you?"

But Marilyn had made him promise that he would tell no one, not yet.

"It was an important thing with her at

Jack Benny asked co-star Gisele MacKenzie whether her marriage made any difference in her fiddle-playing, and she ad libbed, "No-o-o-o, but of course I don't fiddle around as much as I used to."

Earl Wilson  
in the New York Post

the beginning," someone close to the Millers has since said, "that word about the baby should be kept from everyone for as long as possible. I think what caused it was the fear in Marilyn's mind that to spread the good news might somehow spoil things, and her mind went back to the endless commotion that had been made over her first pregnancy and she felt that this time no one should know—at least, not until the first big danger period was over."

And so Arthur, now, keeping his promise, phoned the studio and said simply that his wife needed the day off.

"But why?" he was asked, again and again, frantically.

"She's not too well," he said, minimizing the matter as best he could. Then, looking over at the bed for a moment, seeing Marilyn lie there—moaning, her hands pressed hard to her head—he said, "I think a day in bed would do her good."

And with that, he hung up.

And the reverberations to that clink of receiver to hook were tremendous.

Within hours, the word had spread through Hollywood.

A few people guessed at what might be wrong.

But quite a few others stopped only long enough to make jokes and snide asides.

"The queen is weary," they said.

"Poor Marilyn—after three years of resting in New York she comes back to work and then she decides she needs a little more rest," they said.

"La Monroe," they said, "trying to pull a Garbo. But lest she forget, Garbo dis-



appeared only *after* her pictures were finished."

In time, the remarks—these and more, many more—reached Marilyn.

At first, she laughed.

"Gee," she said, amused, the way you would be if suddenly your next-door neighbor passed the word that you were going around telling people you were a close relative of the Queen of England.

But, after a while, Marilyn found she couldn't laugh anymore.

The stories, the remarks, the cold looks she received on the set when she was finally able to return to it—all of this combined to build a terrific pressure within her.

And, though she took it quietly, bravely, smiling back at those who laughed at her, she realized she couldn't keep taking it forever.

### The camouflage

And on the mid-November afternoon the last scene of the picture had been shot, she got into her car and raced to her husband and she begged him to take her away, back to New York, as quickly as possible.

She lay on the bed and wondered if it would be all right to get up for just a little while and go out and take a walk. She'd been in bed these past few days—almost a week now; ever since she and Arthur had come back to New York from Hollywood. And because she knew how important it was to rest now, she'd lain in bed this past week, obediently, happily, never once complaining.

And yet on this day, at this moment, she felt strangely different.

She *wanted* to get up.

She *wanted* to go out.

She *wanted*, more than anything, to take a little walk around the block and—for just a few minutes—to breathe in, luxuriously, freely, the crisp, cold Eastern air she liked so much.

She turned in her bed.

"Should I?" she asked herself.

And then, slowly, realizing that her doctor hadn't said anything about staying in bed every minute of every day, feeling the age-old privilege of pregnant women to indulge in their cravings—whether for fancy foods or for a simple walk—she got out of the bed, dressed in what she and Arthur always jokingly refer to as The Camouflage—a dark outfit, successfully designed to make Marilyn as inconspicuous as possible—and, stopping only long enough to tell a cleaning woman who was working in one of the other rooms that she would be out for a little while, she left the apartment. . . .

The toy store she came to while on her walk was neither big nor fancy.

But toy stores had always fascinated Marilyn, ever since those days of her childhood, when she was a little tawny-haired thing with no toys of her own—ever since the early days when the closest she came to being *with* dolls and games and little tin tea sets meant leaving whatever house she was living in for the time being and walking secretly to the local toy store and standing outside, her face pressed against the window, looking in.

As she had stopped to look now, years later, for just a moment or two.

And it was just before she was about to continue her walk when she saw it, the little stuffed kitten, sitting in a corner of the window.

### A tiny gift

It was a strange little kitten, brown, fluffy, warm-looking—but with the largest and saddest eyes.

"Poor little thing," Marilyn found herself thinking, as she stared at it, "I bet you're so sad because nobody wants you. And I bet nobody wants you because

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you're so sad." She laughed to herself. She shook her head.

"I bet, though, that there's a baby somewhere who would love you, who—"

And then she stopped.

And she thought of a baby—not of the one she knew best, the one who though not yet born was already beautiful in her mind, the one who would be hers one day this summer, hers and Arthur's, but, for now, of the tiny baby—a little boy—of a friend, whom she had seen once since his birth, whom she loved from that first moment and whom she could picture now lying in his crib and lifting his small chubby hand and hugging it against the side of this sad kitten's face.

She hadn't yet bought a gift for this baby, she thought to herself.

She'd planned, in the back of her mind, to go to one of the plush stores over on Fifth Avenue when she was feeling better and buy him something big and expensive, something to fit in with his beautiful nursery décor and with everybody else's oohs-and-ahhs.

But now, as Marilyn stood there, looking in the store window, at the sad-eyed little kitten, she thought to herself that this, *this* was the perfect gift for that baby.

So she walked inside the store and bought it.

And it was while she was on her way back to the apartment, carrying her package snug under her arm, that the tragedy began.

It began with a sharp, momentary pain in her stomach.

She stopped.

She waited.

"No," she whispered to herself, remembering the feeling from another time, that other time. "No . . . Don't come back again. Please don't come back again."

But, a second later, it did come again, sharper this time, longer.

Marilyn's face began to pale.

"No more," she begged, inwardly. "No more."

But again her plea was in vain.

Because again the pain returned.

Marilyn clenched her teeth.

She took a few steps forward, down the street.

Somehow she managed a few more steps, and then a few more, and then a few more.

And, finally, she was back at the apartment.

"Arthur," she called as she walked through the door.

She knew he was not home, but still—sensing what was beginning to happen—she wanted him now and she continued 79



calling desperately for him. "Arthur!!!!" She was sobbing and leaning against the wall, her blonde hair brushing wildly against a small gay delicately-lined painting, when the cleaning woman rushed in from the next room.

"What's wrong, Mrs. Miller—"

But then, seeing that something was very wrong, she put her arm around Marilyn's waist and very gently led her into the bedroom.

And then she rushed for the phone. . . .

#### The sad-eyed kitten

"Arthur?" Marilyn asked, looking up from the bed, at her husband.

It was nearly two hours later now and Marilyn had just opened her eyes. The doctor was standing on the other side of the bed, but she did not see him. He had administered drugs to her earlier, drugs which had at first sent her off to sleep and which now left her only groggy but, temporarily, without any pain.

"Arthur?" she asked again, her voice floating through the air like a lonely cloud, lightly, almost as if without direction.

"Yes," her husband whispered, nodding, putting his hand into hers.

"I'm glad you're here," Marilyn said. "I knew you'd be here."

She smiled at him and he smiled back.

And for the next few moments they looked into each other's eyes, the man giving courage to his wife, the wife accepting that courage, though not alert nor awake enough at this point to know why.

"Arthur," Marilyn said then, after a while, her eyes shifting from Arthur's face to the bureau behind him, "—would you open my package . . . over there?"

Her husband turned and saw the package and, slowly, he opened it.

"Oh yes," Marilyn said, remembering, when he'd completed the job, "it's the kitten, the little stuffed kitten."

Her husband held it up, so she could see it better. He did not ask where she had gotten it, nor why. But he could see at this moment that it was very important to her. And so he held it up, and he watched her now as, almost happily—it seemed, she began to talk to it.

"Don't worry, don't worry," she said.

"I'm not feeling too well now. But I'll be fine tomorrow. And then I'll take you to the boy I said would be your friend. Yes, tomorrow. . . ."

"And then, then, someday there will be someone else you will play with—another little baby who will come to visit you and your friend and who will want to play with you, too. Then the three of you will play together . . . But, for now, you mustn't worry about me. You mustn't worry. . . ."

And thus did Marilyn, in her desperate grogginess, believe that everything was going to be all right.

For she had no way of knowing now, in her state, that in just a little while the drugs would wear off and the terrible pain would come back to her stomach, that the doctor standing on the other side of the bed would look over at her husband and shake his head, that the little sad-eyed kitten she spoke to now would never know the precious little baby, soon to die, inside her. . . .

END

Look for Marilyn in *SOME LIKE IT HOT* for United Artists.

## A Boy's Dream—A Man's Nightmare

(Continued from page 47)

before and I've watched you. Interested?"

His heart knocked against his ribs. He noted her gorgeous figure, her blue eyes, soft blonde hair.

"I'm listening," he said, trying to hold down the emotion in his voice.

They sat down at a table, and she told him about her new act and the new bongo player she needed. "You don't have to be great at it . . . I'll teach you."

Casually, she was sizing him up, too. Five-foot-ten, about 130 pounds, all muscles, broad shoulders, nice brown eyes, light brown unruly hair . . . agile, alert, tense. . . .

"We'll get acquainted tomorrow," she said. "Nola Studios, right over Lindy's . . . Ask at the reception desk for the studio room . . . 6:00 p.m. You can make it?"

"Okay," he said, trying to sound like a fellow accustomed to making quick decisions. He would get out of the office at 5:30 and be able to make the studio by 6:00.

"See you tomorrow, honey . . . Got to go back to my table . . . My brother George is in from out of town."

She floated away, and he went out and walked slowly to the subway. *Gloria Fantasy*, he repeated her name. *What an exotic name! A professional name, no doubt. And what a figure! Torso like Esther Williams, legs like Cyd Charisse . . . a face like Lana.*

He knew he was just one of thousands of young fellows and girls hanging around Broadway, calling themselves actors and entertainers, trying to pretend they had talent and experience, knocking on agency doors, hanging around backstage, lingering near bandstands in cafes. . . .

He wondered, *Why did she pick me? Who am I? I'm Bobby Cassotto, and I'm nothing. I live with my mother on 138th St.—a creepy old street in the East Bronx, under the shadow of the Triboro Bridge. I've been a slum kid all my life—always struggling to make a buck. So I've changed my name to Bobby Darin, just because I appeared in a couple of plays at Hunter College during my one year there . . . because I toured for forty-five days with a children's company . . . because I played drums last summer at a Catskill Mountain hotel. . . .*

40 But the next day, when he showed up

at Nola Studios, she was there waiting. It wasn't a hoax, after all.

She had already changed to tight shorts and a snug sweater, and he gulped when he saw her lithe figure ripple under the scanty costume.

She pointed to one corner of the studio: "Sit on that chair; wrap yourself around those bongo drums; and watch me for timing."

He watched her intently, drinking in her beauty, admiring her confidence, following her cues. . . Three hours later, they were leaving and she was saying, "Honey, we'll stop in at Lindy's for coffee-and."

When they had their coffee and cheesecake, she murmured, "You learn fast, honey . . . I think we're going to get along real well—real well. . . ."

#### A new world

At the end of the week, Bobby told his mother, "Mom . . . I'm moving downtown . . . I'll bunk in with Herb . . . He's got a furnished room . . . Got to be in midtown because I'm rehearsing with a dance act . . . Playing bongos . . . If it goes well, I'll quit my office job. . . ."

His mom put her arm around Bobby's shoulders. "We've lived here all your life, eighteen years . . . Your dad died the year we moved here . . . before you were born . . . This apartment has such memories. . . ."

"I know, I know," Bobby said. "But Sis is here, and her husband, and their two kids . . . You know . . . I'm nervous . . . Can't seem to get going . . . Maybe this dance act will really get me into show business. . . ."

"I want you to be happy, Son. . . ."

"I know, Mom. But I'll be coming up to see you . . . you know that."

So Bobby moved in with Herb, a singer who had been around. It made him feel older, being away from home, and Herb asked no questions. Bobby came and went as he pleased.

Bobby rehearsed with Gloria every evening at 6:00, and then they went out for coffee, and she told him of the glamorous world outside, the world of big salaries, applause, top billing, reviews in the papers, traveling. . . .

He listened, wide-eyed, and then he

get into show business, how his mother was once a vaudeville singer but had to quit when she married, how they could never afford private lessons but how he had managed to teach himself piano, drums, vibes, bass and guitar. "I can learn anything I set my mind to!" he said, in a rare moment of bragging.

He confided that his mother had had to go to work to raise his older sister and him. Bobby had been born when mother had just become a widow. His had been a life of poverty and sickness . . . and love. "Maybe we had no food," he said, "but we always had love."

And he told Gloria how he had been a change-of-life baby, how he'd been sickly most of his youth. He was so sick he couldn't go to school until he was eight. And when his mother brought him to school, they had wanted to put him in first grade. "But Bobby can read," his mom had protested. The registrar had said, wearily, "Of course . . . I suppose he can read this?" and reached for the nearest book, a copy of Shakespeare's collected plays.

Bobby took the book, turned to *Hamlet* and read a passage, then to *Julius Caesar* and read until the registrar stopped him. Without another word, she enrolled him in second grade.

Bobby skipped five classes through grammar school and junior high, and was so clever, the older kids called him *Talking Dictionary* and beat him up. He became the butt of jokes, the offbeat kid, the oddball. . . .

#### Gloria's fond family

All this he told Gloria, after rehearsals, when they went to her apartment for a snack and shop talk. And she, in turn, told him how she had left Toledo, Ohio, to make good in New York, and how her wealthy family had been angry, but changed their mind when she developed a successful high-salary act. She spoke fondly of her four brothers, two sisters, six cousins.

Bobby examined the many photos of handsome men in her apartment and she would identify them: "That's my brother Joe, and that's my cousin Hillman, and that's my older brother Jimmy, and that's my daddy. . . ."

One time he told her why he had chosen the Bronx School of Science—not because he wanted to be a scientist but because he discovered it had the toughest courses and demanded the highest marks. "It was a challenge, and I was eager to meet it. I



graduated with an 81% average, but the class average was 93. It was loaded with geniuses. But I became convinced that they were not human . . . they were just reflections of what they had read. They had brains, but no heart."

Gloria had smiled, given him a big hug, and sighed, "Honey, the heart is always more important than brains."

In time, Bobby became completely enmeshed in Gloria's life. He saw her every day, worried about her, dreamed about her, trembled when they held hands, and was ecstatic when they kissed.

When she became suddenly ill, he was frantic. He rushed her to the hospital, paced the hospital floor like a madman until the surgeon assured him she would pull through, and vowed if she didn't recover, he would kill himself!

But she recovered, and he helped nurse her back to health. He quit his office job to be with her constantly. He told her how much he loved her, and she protested, "But, honey, I'm a bit older than you." He exclaimed, "But I'm old enough to love you, and you're young enough to love me . . . so we're even."

When he visited his mother, she noticed his nervousness, his faraway look, and she sighed, "I don't know who this girl is, but I don't like what she's doing to you . . . She's changed you . . . and I don't think I like the change."

"But you don't understand," Bobby said. "She's great. She's taking me to Hollywood. We're set for the Cocomanut Grove. And then she's taking me to South America. We got big bookings."

His mom said, "Bobby, all I want is for you to be happy, that's all."

He hurried downtown and muttered, "How could Mother talk like that? Gloria is the woman I love. Besides, I'm no kid. I'm eighteen!"

At the next rehearsal, some agents came and they said, "That kid's good on drums . . . why don't you let him fake a dance, and make the act look bigger?"

And so Gloria taught Bobby a dance routine, and he caught on quickly. And his dreams of the big time grew bigger, and he adored her all the more.

"We'll marry when we go to Hollywood," he said, holding her tight. But he also knew that he could never tell his mother . . . and this thought darkened his happiness.

#### The lowdown

The next day, she came to rehearsals wearing a mink coat. "I thought you were borrowing money until our first booking?" Bobby said. But she laughed. "Sure, I'm almost broke . . . but my cousin Tommy gave the coat to me . . . Isn't he a darling? . . . He said he didn't want me going to Hollywood looking like a rag doll."

She kissed him, and his moment of doubt melted.

Then she disappeared two days, and he was frantic, hanging around the entrance to her apartment all night and worrying. Then she returned as though nothing had happened. "Flew to Toledo to see my brother Jack," she smiled. "He opened his law office, and the family gave him a party."

Her kisses were sweet, and he forgave her. Then she said, "Honey, we'll cancel rehearsals for two days; I've got conferences at MCA about our bookings. Very important."

When rehearsals were resumed, she showed up with a tall, handsome blond fellow. This was the first time another man had accompanied her. "This is my brother Roger," she said. "He wants to see what his little sister is doing." After the rehearsal, she told Bobby, "You run along,

honey, and see a movie . . . I've got to show my brother the town."

He couldn't sleep that night. Doubts assailed him, but he couldn't put his finger on exactly what was wrong. Finally, his roommate Herb got up and said, "Bobby, you've been tossing and moaning all night . . . Let's get up and have some coffee . . . I think we ought to talk."

"Sure, sure," said Bobby, and down deep in his heart he was sick with apprehension.

"This Gloria Fantasy," Herb began, "how well do you know her? Did you know her real name is Gloria Jones?"

"Why are you telling me this?"

"Because we're friends, and I've been trying to get up enough nerve to talk to you about her. I'll take a chance and tell you, and if that ends our friendship, okay. . . ."

Bobby remained silent.

"She told you she comes from Toledo. Well, I had a job near Toledo last week, and I did some checking. I know all the show people there. They don't know her. I checked at the local papers, and they don't know her. I showed them her photos, and they didn't recognize her."

"Why are you telling me lies?"

Herb continued: "Somebody's got to ask you some questions, and I'm the guy who's doing it. Now, this is your first big affair, isn't it? Maybe you're so in love, you don't see the obvious. Maybe you're so young and innocent, you can't see a fast-worker when she rolls her baby-blues at you."

Bobby reached out in fury and smacked Herb on the jaw.

Herb winced, but held his ground. "You're not mad at me . . . You're mad at yourself for being hoaxed."

"I'm sorry, Herb."

"Show business is full of sharpies, screwballs and psychos," said Herb. "They

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Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

#### 1. I LIKE RICKY NELSON:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

#### 2. I LIKE GRACE KELLY:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

#### 3. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

#### 4. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

#### 5. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

#### 6. I LIKE TOMMY SANDS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

#### 7. I LIKE DICK CLARK:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

(see other side)



devour nice young guys like you . . . and me . . . I was destroyed once . . . by a redhead. Now I'm careful with dames.

About those brothers . . .

"You told me that Gloria had left town to see her brother for two days. Those same nights, I saw her at the Spindletop, dining and wining, with a husky guy. . . ."

Bobby said, "He must have been another brother."

"No," said Herb, "this guy at the Spindletop was kissing and holding hands all evening with her. He was no brother!"

Then Herb said, "I know I should mind my own business, but I phoned MCA. I know a booking agent there. I asked about your Cocconut Grove booking. He said the agency is not handling Gloria now, and hasn't booked her for three years."

Bobby groaned, "But why should she lie all the time? It doesn't make sense!"

Charlie said, softly, "There are people called psychopathic liars, or something like that. They're nuts, that's all. Maybe you've got yourself involved with a screwball, and maybe you haven't."

The next day, Bobby went to rehearsals, trembling and unnerved. He confronted Gloria. He poured out his suspicions, itemizing the evidence, searching her blue eyes for the truth to shine through. All he could detect was defiance and boredom.

Finally, she said: "All right, sonny boy. So I told a lie here and there. So what? We did have a big romance, didn't we? I taught you a few things, didn't I? You were sweet to me, and I told you so."

"But, remember, you're a kid, strictly Amateur Night. If you're going to act this way, then dig up your old library card and your Boy Scout suit, and go play with kiddies your age."

He wanted to kill her; but he held his fists down tight by his sides.

"Besides," she told him with a toss of her head, "I found another drummer. That tall blond guy, Roger. No, he's not my brother . . . I was kidding. He's only nineteen, and he can play piano and drums and dance, and he does what I tell him . . . By Friday, he'll be completely in love with me. . . ."

Bobby turned, and walked out slowly. He never saw her again.

For more than two years, he hung around Broadway, on the edges of fame and fortune, picking up odd jobs, working in the Catskills in the summer, trying to write songs, trying to become an actor,

Van Johnson's doctors ordered him to keep out of the sun because of the effect on his skin, lips and general health. "Thanks, doctor, but I'm going to sit in the sun anyway," Johnson decided. "I can't go through life looking like a lily."

Leonard Lyons  
in the New York Post

good at everything but not great enough at anything.

Slowly, his fierce resentment against the world ebbed, and he concentrated on song-writing and began to sell his songs. Then he tried singing for demonstration records, even though he had no vocal training. He made some records for Decca and then for Acto, and they were flops . . . and suddenly, like lightning, a song he wrote, *Splish Splash*, became his first million-seller . . . and Bobby Darin was famous and rich, and turning out another smash hit, *Queen of the Hop*.

He started paying back his old debts,

and he bought a house by a New Jersey lake, for his mother and his sister's family.

Bobby says his rebirth started when he walked out of that rehearsal hall, leaving Gloria behind. It was late in December of 1955, and it was cold and snowing. But Bobby wasn't aware of anything but his misery as he wandered around that night. He just walked, and walked, bundled up, for what seemed hours. He shivered in the wind, and his coat became heavy with snow, but he was too dazed to stop anywhere and warm up.

Three hours later, he was knocking on a door. And when it opened, there was his mother. Instinctively, he had headed for home, like a homing pigeon, and had tramped ninety-two blocks to the Bronx.

Silently, his mother directed him into the room, took off his coat and his shoes and his socks. She enveloped him in a huge blanket, and set him before the kitchen stove. Then she lit the oven, opened the oven door, and let the surging waves of heat engulf him.

Bobby slept all through the next day, and for the next six days, he just lay there and stared at the ceiling. The world outside sang Christmas hymns and hung holly wreaths in windows, but Bobby Darin lay in bed and stared at the ceiling.

His mother brought him food, kept him comfortable, but made no attempt at conversation. Finally, at the end of the seventh day, he got up and started to dress to go out.

When his mother saw him, she spoke her first words: "Merry Christmas, son . . . and welcome home."

Bobby put both arms around her and said, "Mom, you'll never have any trouble with me again . . . I've been a boy . . . and now I'm ready to be a man."

And that's how, at eighteen, Bobby became a man—and a future star.

END

8. I LIKE CONNIE STEVENS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

9. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely

- ☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

10. I LIKE BOBBY DARIN:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

11. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot

- ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

12. I LIKE ANNA MAGNANI:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

14. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) \_\_\_\_\_ MALE

(2) \_\_\_\_\_ MALE

(3) \_\_\_\_\_ MALE

(1) \_\_\_\_\_ FEMALE

(2) \_\_\_\_\_ FEMALE

(3) \_\_\_\_\_ FEMALE

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